



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

JANUARY MEETING, 1921.

THE stated meeting was held on Thursday, the 13th instant, at three o'clock, P. M. In the absence of the President and both Vice-Presidents, Mr. ARTHUR LORD was chosen to preside.

The record of the last meeting was read and approved.

The Librarian reported among the additions the following items:

From Mr. Roger S. Warner, of Boston, nine log-books kept by Joseph Pulsifer, and Robert S. Pulsifer, on the *Restitution*, *Ellen Douglas*, *Augusta*, *Pacific*, *Alexander*, *Leonidas*, and *Zumaca*, sailing between Boston and Salem, Canton and Calcutta, and ports in South America, 1807 to 1829; also records of the Mast Makers' Society in Boston, 1825-1829.

From Miss Emma L. Coleman, several broadsides, photographs, engravings, bills and printed material, relating to Lincoln and the Civil War; and two election tickets of 1864.

From the estate of Henry G. Denny, long time a Resident Member of the Society, a collection of manuscripts and printed papers, 1641-1904, relating mostly to Dorchester, the material remaining in his hands as the surviving member of the Dorchester Antiquarian and Historical Society which was organized on January 27, 1843, and ceased to exist on the death of Mr. Denny on September 19, 1907. Among these papers are the record books of the Society; the Almshouse receipt book, 1756-61, of Samuel Procter; notes of sermons, 1703-5; receipt book of the Colony taxes, 1773-75; list of the New Boston Company of Militia in Ward 7, Boston, 1772-74, and orderly book of the 6th regiment, 1st Brigade of Militia, with mention of the Independent Fusiliers of Boston, 1790-93; several commissions bearing the signatures of William Phips, 1692; William Stoughton, 1696; Bellomont, 1699; four of Joseph Dudley, 1702-11; William Shirley, 1741; Charles Paxton, 1762; Francis Bernard, 1769; and John Hancock, 1790; and a certificate of membership to Maj. Francis Holden as honorary member of the "Soul of Soldiery," instituted on March 5, 1805, engraved by Annin and Smith after a drawing by Sharp; also a fragment of a broadside on the Tragedy at Miami Village, November 4, 1791.

From Mr. Charles E. Goodspeed, a part, in parchment, of the statement and finding of the Superior Court of Pleas, Boston, January, 1687/8, for the defendant in the case of Edward Randolph vs. Increase Mather, falsely charged with writing the letter of December 3, 1683, to Rev. Thomas Gouge, of Amsterdam, reflecting on Randolph and the English Government.¹

From Mr. Ellerton James, a fac-simile of Thomas Jefferson's suggestions in 1800 on a bill to settle the disputed Presidential election.

From Walter Eliot Thwing, of Roxbury, the letter-books of his father, Supply Clap Thwing, April 3, 1846, to June 4, 1877; and Journal, April 1, 1844, to June 4, 1877.

From Miss Edith and Mr. Henry Hersey Andrew, the private correspondence of their father Gov. John A. Andrew, January 4, 1861, to October 28, 1867, in thirty-nine volumes; letter-press copies from March 23, 1861, to October 28, 1867, in seven volumes; Index to letters sent, April 15, 1861, to January 6, 1866; Civil and Military appointments, 1861-62, in six volumes; list of names for mailing documents; three volumes of newspaper cuttings, 1860-1867, and one volume of cuttings relating to his son John Forrester Andrew, 1867-1888.

From the Massachusetts Society for Promoting Agriculture, a photostat copy of its records from 1792 to 1920.

From Mrs. Kingsmill Marrs, several volumes, some in fine Florentine bindings, and a number of English engravings, to be added to the Kingsmill Marrs Collection.

By purchase, a bond, June, 1605, of Vincent Waterhous of Scrooby, England, having the signatures of Richard Clarke and Richard Vincent among the witnesses.

The Cabinet-Keeper reported the following accessions:

From the estate of Henry G. Denny, a number of photographs of Boston and Cambridge men, and of views in Dorchester, England; a small spy-glass belonging to James Blake (1668-1750), surveyor, of Dorchester; United States stamped paper, issued 1801, of four, ten, twenty, and twenty-five cents; pieces of money used during the American Revolution; electrotpe seal of the Dorchester Antiquarian and Historical Society; and an "East View of State Street, Boston," engraved by J. J. Heath, Birmingham.

From Mr. Morse, a large framed daguerreotype of Nathaniel P. Banks, and four members of the "Free-Soil Party," one of whom

¹ 4 *Collections*, VIII. 104; 7 *Collections*, VII. 85 n; *Edward Randolph* (Prince Society), II. 51.

has been identified as Henry Wilson, taken by Josiah J. Hawes, of Boston in 1850.

From C. P. Greenough, a number of American and English engravings.

From the Selectmen of Andover, the service medal of the town.

From Charles Torrey, a photograph of a painting of Leith Harbor, Scotland, by Robert Salmon, made in Boston, after his first painting at Leith, and owned by Mr. F. W. Snow, of Chelsea.

From William Farley Brewster, of Chicago, a photograph of a bronze tablet, showing his descent from Elder Brewster, marking grave of William Brewster (1795-1879), set on December 21, 1920.

From Henry R. Dalton, a photograph of the original painting by Salmon of Boston Harbor in 1832 from Central Wharf to Long Wharf.

From Mr. Norcross, a photograph from a print on a certificate of stock of the Barristers Hall Real Estate Association showing Court Square at the corner of Williams Court about 1850; two photographs from water-color views of the front and rear of the Kirk Boott house on Bowdoin Square corner of Bulfinch Street, built in 1812 and demolished in 1847; a "Lucky Penny," in copper, a souvenir of Washington; and a medal showing the government building at the World's Fair, Chicago, 1893.

From the estate of Mrs. Henry S. Grew, through the Bostonian Society, a silver medal, struck on the death of George III, and a broadside inscription and verses accompanying it.

On deposit, by the heirs of the late Morton Dexter, a beam taken from the Manor House in Scrooby, England, occupied by William Brewster and his son, the latter being Elder Brewster of the Pilgrim migration. The beam is described in Dr. Dexter's *England and Holland of the Pilgrims*, 248.

The Corresponding Secretary reported the receipt of a letter from Henry Bradford Washburn, of Cambridge, accepting his election as a Resident Member of the Society.

Allan Forbes, of Westwood, was elected a Resident Member of the Society.

The death of Mr. Thomas Jefferson Coolidge was announced by Mr. LORD, who called upon Mr. MORSE for the tribute.

Thomas Jefferson Coolidge was the son of Joseph Coolidge, a merchant of Boston, seventh in descent from John Coolidge, who had settled in Watertown in 1630, and of Eleonora Wayles Coolidge, a daughter of Thomas Mann Randolph and his wife

Martha, who was the eldest daughter of President Jefferson. Thus, upon the 26th day of August, 1831, the infant citizen came into being with an excellent heredity, and under auspices which could hardly have been better.

His travels, which in later life were extensive on both sides of the Atlantic, began early. In 1837 he had already made his first passage and became an inmate at a boarding school near London; whence he was shortly afterwards brought home by sixty days of stormy voyaging in a packet-ship. In 1839 he re-crossed and was again placed at a boarding school, this time at Geneva, where he stayed five years. Thence he went to a gymnasium in Dresden. In 1847, after a stay of ten years abroad, he came home by a voyage of "only" twenty-four days. Forthwith after his return he entered the Sophomore Class at Harvard College, "without difficulty," as he records — which was creditable in view of the fact that the foreign curriculum had not been arranged with any view to Harvard examination papers. He describes himself thus: "I was small, very shy, spoke English with difficulty, and was totally unfit to cope with Americans and American society. My views of my countrymen had been formed in Europe. I considered them barbarous. I believed myself to belong to a superior class, and that the principle that the ignorant and poor should have the same right to make laws and govern as the educated and refined was an absurdity. It took me many years to outgrow my priggism." In college, he says that he was quick at his lessons, but "lazy." He, however, graduated seventeenth in a class of sixty-seven students. Thus he spoke of his early days, but it may be suspected that the fine courtesy of his manners, which were his charm through life, was at least in part attributable to these early European influences; for such accomplishment would hardly have been acquired among the primitive and somewhat uncouth youths of his native city.

After graduation, being, as he says, "ambitious" — we may remember that Alexander Hamilton made precisely the like confession — he "decided to devote himself to the acquisition of wealth;" for his observant eye seemed to tell him that money was becoming "the only real avenue to power and success, both socially and in the regard of one's fellow men."

(He was at the age when clever lads are apt to go through a phase of cynicism.) He began his business career in foreign commerce, and his capacity for mercantile affairs was soon apparent. Thus he weathered the great panic of 1857, though instructed by so brief an experience; and a little later, in 1861, when the outbreak of civil dissension unsettled all business affairs down-town, he wisely foresaw the inevitable effect of the issue of irredeemable paper money, bought, as he says, "freely . . . anything which came under his hand," and later was "wise enough to stop when the currency began to improve"; whereby he saved large profits, which made him feel, as he moderately puts it, "comfortably off." Already, prior to these profitable transactions, he had been making a change in his chief occupation by wisely drawing out of foreign commerce and embarking in quite different pursuits. In 1852 he married the daughter of Mr. William Appleton, and by this alliance there was opened to him an introduction to the great cotton-spinning industry of New England. The Boott Cotton Mills happened soon afterward to fall into a very sorry condition, and in 1858 his father-in-law pressed him to accept the presidency and to endeavor to revivify the dilapidated corporation. He had the courage to agree to this and the energy and ability to succeed in the task, with the encouraging result that at the end of about two years he had reconstructed the mill and its business. It was a tall feather in the cap of a young man who had had no previous training in this department.

After the close of the Civil War he took advantage of his financial gains to go abroad with his family, and passed three years very pleasantly in foreign parts. Immediately upon his return he again resumed work, accepting the treasurership of the Lawrence Manufacturing Company. The time had already come when the question was no longer what position he could get, but what position he would take. By his able management of this corporation he further enhanced his already high reputation, so that in 1876 he had the honor of being made treasurer of the famous Amoskeag Mills, which already was, as he says, "the largest and finest cotton-spinning establishment in the United States." His brilliant conduct through long years of this noble company is familiar to us all. It is fair to say that while New England has had many dis-

tinguished names in her great domain of dry-goods manufacturing, and while possibly a very few among them may be rivals of Mr. Coolidge, surely no one of them can be placed above him.

While mill management was Mr. Coolidge's "specialty" — as the modern phrase has it — he was actively concerned also in other lines of business. The generation of his middle age expended no small part of its abounding energy in developing the West, piercing it with a network of great railways, founding settlements, opening boundless plains to the farming immigrants. Mr. Coolidge, of course, had his share of this fascinating activity. For many years as a member of the Board of Directors of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Rail Road he played an influential part in the management of this most prosperous of the New England group of railways. For a while also he was president of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe road; but finding the task irksome, and moreover an obstacle in the way of the free conduct of his private business enterprises, he resigned after eighteen months of service. When the discreditable operations of Mr. Villard, mismanaging the railroads in the Northwestern section of the country, brought extensive failure and panic among those enterprises, Mr. Coolidge was called in to aid in the salvage, and he was able to rescue the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company from the wreckage. In his home neighborhood, likewise, he was prominently interested in the New England railways, and as president of the Boston & Lowell road he made the lease to the Boston & Maine road, which for a long period of years was a most satisfactory arrangement.

In the science of finance also, both theoretical and applied, he was notably well informed. The government availed itself of his services on sundry occasions, most conspicuously by placing him upon the Pan-American Commission. In this task his labors were long-continued and arduous as well as eminently useful. In his own city he was for a great many years a very active member of the Directorate of the Merchants Bank, taking a very active part in its business.

Neither should it be forgotten that during the same period he found time to render public service. In collaboration with Charles Dalton and William Gray, the younger, he laid out

the handsome and extensive park system on the Brookline side of Boston. The character of the territory to be used was peculiar and called for handling along quite original lines. The unique and beautiful result of the scheme of driveways with their attractively developed margins of woods and water we now take for granted, but in fact it was a conception as novel and ingenious as it was successful.

In politics Mr. Coolidge had no ambition whatsoever for office or preferment of any sort. But he was public-spirited, often deeply interested in political campaigns and frequently an efficient laborer therein; and upon questions of legislation falling within the range of his interests and knowledge he exercised very considerable influence. Naturally this was especially the case in regard to the tariff, and also to some extent in the days of the silver menace. In his earlier years, just before the outbreak of the Civil War, his views were much in consonance with those held by Robert C. Winthrop and other Boston men of moderate conservatism. With half of the blood in his veins flowing from Virginian sources he naturally thought the diatribes of Wendell Phillips "inflammatory" and of "pestilential influence"; yet he was desirous to see Buchanan "chastise them [the South Carolinians] instantly and severely." He was not anti-slavery, but he was strenuously pro-Union, a war-Democrat, with emphasis on the war. Later, when questions of economics became a vital line of cleavage, he took his permanent position with the Republicans. With his business interests bound up with the industries of the populous, bustling, thriving, cities and towns of New England, he could hold no other views, and he rightly conceived himself to be furthering the welfare of the community in which he lived. He played a conspicuous part in the long contest for protective duties, and thereby his ability and efficiency became more widely known in political circles. It was commonly supposed that it was in recognition of the great services rendered by him in the hard and successful struggle of 1888 that he received the appointment of Minister to France. The explanation may or may not be correct, but we may easily accept it, since it is hardly to be imagined that his eminent fitness for the post could have been the cause, it being too well known that the unhappy custom of our Government is defiantly to ig-

nore the trifling consideration of training and probable fitness in the distribution of diplomatic positions. At any rate, whatever may have been the motive influencing the selection, it was most fortunate. Experience in diplomacy, it is true, he had not, but other essential qualifications were his in abundance — tact and courtesy, clear, practical intelligence in affairs, a cool head and sound judgment, and an honorable integrity which very usefully won the full confidence of the French Foreign Office; further, he was even able to speak almost like a native the language of the country to which he was accredited. The Frenchmen, pleased with his coming, received with cordiality a well-bred gentleman and throughout his stay the officials with whom he had to deal manifested always a desire to meet his views and grant his requests. Some delicate points and two or three matters of considerable importance arose during his stay and were handled by him with skill, excellent sense and satisfactory result. It was unfortunate that his incumbency was cut short by the triumph of the Democrats in the Presidential election. Only a few days after inauguration on March 4, Mr. Cleveland hastened to nominate Mr. Eustis to the post, an act hardly blameworthy according to our national customs, which certainly gave no right to so prominent a protectionist as Mr. Coolidge to expect any other fate than to be promptly and conspicuously decapitated. It was the rule of the political game. Mr. Coolidge, according to etiquette, sent in his resignation, and on April 3 received from the Secretary of State a letter accepting it. The new appointee soon crossed the water and was met by the outgoing minister with more than merely conventional kindness. Mr. Coolidge invited Mr. Eustis to breakfast, and the two discussed sundry questions of economic policies, with entire disagreement, of course, but also, of course, with entire courtesy. Mr. Coolidge then, on May 4, presented to Mr. Carnot his letters of recall, and promptly sailed for home, having, as he said, passed the happiest year of his life.

With advancing years Mr. Coolidge gradually withdrew from business, not so much because interest waned as because increasing deafness finally reached such a point as practically to isolate him. The preceding brief sketch furnishes hardly a memorandum of his numerous activities. Besides the official

positions which have been mentioned he held also many others somewhat less exacting and conspicuous. Further, being of a venturesome disposition and inclined to make the most of his ability in affairs, he was frequently engaged in private enterprises, generally semi-speculative, and for the most part successful, whereby he accumulated a handsome fortune. This he expended with free-handed but intelligent liberality. He gave to Harvard College the Jefferson Physical Laboratory; and to the town of Manchester the picturesque, vine-clad granite library, the work of McKim, which stands so decoratively upon the lawn on the southerly side of the beautiful North Shore road.¹ Habitually, in all his ways, in his wonted cordial fashion, he respected and responded to the many obligations which lay upon one holding his social and financial position. His address was marked by an attractive friendliness, and his manner, while simple and unaffected, had a fine air of distinction. I fear that it must be admitted that he was an aristocrat; but this was not really his fault, for it was his nature and he could not help it. Yet a shrewd observer easily saw that the possessor of this courteous and pleasing exterior had also, for the appropriate occasion, a very strong and masterful will and a very resolute and persistent disposition; in fact he was quite able to face men and conquer difficulties, if either obstructed his way. He had good taste in art. He was well read in the best literature. He talked agreeably, and in writing had a direct and pleasantly simple style; and it is gratifying to be able to say of him that both in talking and in writing he had always a great respect for the English language, which he treated as well educated men always should though they sometimes do not, eschewing slang and never falling into the lingo of the newspaper writers. His *Autobiography*, unfortunately only "privately printed," is excellent literature as well as very interesting reading.

The story of his life is a story of practically uninterrupted success, a record not unique, of course, but very unusual. This was chiefly due to the union of keen vision in practical affairs with sound judgment in all affairs. His mistakes were

¹ Mention should be made of his gift to the Society of the private papers of Thomas Jefferson, upwards of 7000 in number, and of the writing table used by Jefferson. The latter gift was in memory of his son, Thomas Jefferson Coolidge, Jr.

few and almost never important. Only once he came near to a serious peril in taking charge of the Atchison Railroad, but he escaped unhurt, and that he did so escape was due to his just appreciation of the incompatibility between the office and his own schemes — perhaps also in part to shrewd business foresight. He certainly had great opportunities, yet not greater than some of his contemporaries who accomplished much less than he did. Opportunities of themselves achieve nothing, any more than a pen and paper write a book, or a big voice makes an orator. Mr. Coolidge clearly understood these opportunities, understood his own qualities of mind and character, understood the situation in which he found himself among his fellow-citizens both up-town and down-town, understood what life in New England had to offer. It was this intuitive and correct perception combined with an active disposition and an enterprising spirit that won for him a career which may fairly be called brilliant. His achievements were all his own. It is true that his own position and his family connections naturally brought him valuable alliances in business; also that he had able coadjutors and subordinates, who, however, were well selected by the exercise of his own insight. But the permanently operating and dominating brain power and will power were his. No man, who begins life early and ends it late, can ride through the long procession of years to enduring triumph upon the shoulders of others. Good fortune saved him from being what we call a self-made man, but he had powers which would have made him one, had he been born in a different stratum.

One important thing remains to be said for his memory. In respect of the moralities of the business world he was always and wholly without reproach; and this means much for those of us who are old enough to remember the wild, reckless, unprincipled scrambling for wealth, which prevailed among those who were conducting business after the Civil War. Large fortunes rapidly acquired were numerous; unspotted reputations were deplorably scarce. Even worthy men, who fully meant to do right, sometimes lost their way in the fogs which obscured ethical perceptions, and were pained to find themselves the objects of criticisms which, to their chagrin, they found it difficult to answer. Amid the rush and the confusion, Mr.

Coolidge never went astray, and the chief reason was that he did not content himself with obeying the rules of the technical code of mere mercantile honesty, but preferred rather to carry down-town with him the honorable spirit of a gentleman for daily use in rooms where it did not habitually intrude. The result was that not so much as even a mark of interrogation was ever set against any act of his. For this reason we have the high pleasure of recording our "Tribute" without finding ourselves obliged tactfully to suppress, or explain away, or apologize for any single incident in his long, crowded and active life.

Dr. WARREN followed with reminiscences of his own connection and acquaintance with Mr. Coolidge.

Mr. MORSE then read the following paper on

LETTERS OF CHARLES DICKENS, 1842.

It was, as you may remember, in 1842 that Charles Dickens made his first visit to this country and made those observations among us which found vivacious expression later in the *American Notes*. During this visit he established a warm friendship with Mr. Jonathan Chapman, who was then Mayor of Boston, and a very estimable gentleman. A kinswoman of Mr. Chapman several years ago brought to me certain letters written by Mr. Dickens to him and which she desired to sell. With them she brought also a presentation copy of the *American Notes*, inscribed by Dickens to Chapman, and being the first copy of the book to arrive in this country. I offered the letters and volume for the J. P. Morgan collection, and received from the lady in charge an offer of \$50. I replied that I knew little about market values or prices in the way of autographs, etc., but must admit that the offer fell short of my hopes. I heard nothing further from her, and therefore put the supposed treasures into one of Libbie's auction sales — not without some misgivings as to my judgment, but protecting them at least by a \$50 limit. I received \$275. So I did not make a mistake in that first venture with the letters; but I confess that I feel a little less secure about the wisdom of this second venture with them. They really are not very noteworthy, and I greatly fear that you may not be much obliged to me for

taking up your time with the reading of them; but it is too late for the backward step, since I am "announced" for this paper.

CARLTON HOUSE, NEW YORK,
Twenty-second February, 1842.

MY DEAR FRIEND: — Here's my hand — our alliance is complete. Let the sea rise never so high between us, we will rise higher. And when you come to England, we will have such walks and talks together, as shall indemnify us for years of separation.

I am sick to death of the life I have been leading here, worn out in mind and body, and quite weary and distressed. I have declined all future invitations of a public nature; and mean to be resolute from this time forth. I am a splendid illustration of the wisdom of the fable concerning the old man and his ass. Half the population take it ill if I *do* go where I am asked; and the other half take it ill if I *don't*, so I mean in future to consult my own wishes and those of no other person in this hemisphere.

I have never in my life been so shocked and disgusted, or made so sick and sore at heart as I have been by the treatment I have received here (in America I mean) in reference to the International Copyright Question. I — the greatest loser by the existing Law alive — say in perfect good humor and disinterestedness (for God knows that I have little hope of its ever being changed in my time) that I hope the day will come when writers will be justly treated; and straightway, there fall upon me scores of your newspapers, imputing motives to me, the very suggestion of which turns my blood to gall; and attacking me in such terms of vagabond scurrility as they would denounce no murderer with. I vow to Heaven that the scorn and indignation I have felt under this unmanly and ungenerous treatment has been to me an amount of agony such as I never experienced since my birth. But it has had the one good effect of making me iron upon this theme; and iron I will be here and at home by word of mouth and in writing, as long as I can articulate a syllable or hold a pen.

I open my whole heart to you, you see! I write in such a spirit of confidence that I pour out all I have felt upon this subject, though I have said nothing in reference to it, even to my wife. This is a foretaste of what you have brought upon yourself.

I shall be in Washington about the sixth or seventh of March. While I am there I will write to you again; and I shall hope to see your handwriting before I go further South. How I wish that you were not Mayor of Boston and would join us there, and travel with us until the end of May. Always your faithful and affectionate friend,

CHARLES DICKENS.

A very fierce outpouring this, and the phrasing of it a trifle extravagant. It is open to reasonable doubt whether our newspapers stigmatized Mr. Dickens with quite the "vagabond scurrility" appropriate for denouncing a murderer, also whether the special variety of "agony" experienced was not rather an ordinary outburst of rage. Be this as it may, however, it must be admitted that the system of literary piracy then practised to our national shame justified any language which any sufferer thereby might be tempted to use for assuaging his entirely natural sense of wrong. Yet a little anecdote which I happen to be able to tell you, shows that a liberal recognition of substantial honesty was occasionally to be found among our publishers of that day, and perhaps incidentally puts Mr. Dickens in a somewhat amusing light.

Doubtless you all remember that the publishing house of Ticknor & Fields — I don't recall which of its various names was then the legitimate one — by its enterprise managed to secure almost a practical monopoly in this country of the reproduction of Dickens' writings, and of course they made a great deal of money thereby, and of course Mr. Dickens did not. Mr. Houghton (of the firm) told me this story. He was going to make a trip abroad, and the partners of the house, honorable men, felt uneasy at keeping in their own pockets all this money in the making of which Mr. Dickens had played at least a somewhat essential part. So they decided to send to him, by the hand of Mr. Houghton, what they deemed a handsome sum. In London accordingly, Mr. Houghton, armed with the draft, called upon Mr. Dickens, made his polite little speech, and tendered the valuable scrap of paper. To his surprise Mr. Dickens did not accept the tender, but sat looking at Mr. Houghton with an expression of countenance which somewhat puzzled that gentleman. He seemed suspicious, and in fact the author explained that he really did distrust this gift-bearing Greek. He feared that in some mysterious way acceptance of this money, present though it might be called, would somehow ensnare him for the future, put him in some fashion in the power of the givers. Mr. Houghton might have taken offence at the suggestion of such an artifice; but he was a shrewd man of business himself, and he was amused rather than irritated by the shrewdness of the literary gentle-

man. He assured Mr. Dickens, good-naturedly, but most clearly and emphatically, that the payment was no trap, that it entailed absolutely no consequences whatsoever, that it was almost in the nature of a conscience-payment, a transaction wholly complete and finished in itself. But the dubious shade did not pass from the Dickens features. Finally that gentleman said: "I must consult my solicitor. Come back some afternoon, perhaps in two or three days." Accordingly late one afternoon, soon afterward Mr. Houghton called again. Dickens had just come back from some grand mid-day feast of one of the old London guilds — I think Mr. Houghton said it was the Fishmongers, but I am not sure. Mr. Houghton said that it was very evident that the guest had been most hospitably entertained, but his manners had not been improved thereby. He promptly informed Mr. Houghton that he positively declined to accept the draft, that he did not understand our paper money and would have nothing to do with it. In vain did Mr. Houghton endeavor to explain that paper money did not enter into the transaction. Dickens could not understand; but was very curt and decided in alleging that he would not mix himself up in any manner whatsoever in any money dealings with the Americans. So Mr. Houghton took his leave with a clear conscience, a fine snub, a good story to tell, *and the draft*.

CARLTON HOUSE, NEW YORK,
Second June, 1842.

MY DEAR FRIEND: — I am going up the Hudson, for rest; and shall not return here until Monday. Though I have but a minute to spare, I cannot choose but answer your affectionate and warmly welcomed letter.

I did receive that other communication from you of which you speak. I am not ashamed to own it, although I have not written. I answered a great many other letters. They were mere things of course. But I always laid yours aside, and said, "This is quite another matter, I won't write *him* a traveller's, hurried, commonplace note; I will wait." Well you know what waiting comes to under such circumstances as these?

Besides I have always said to my wife, "He'll come over to New York. I feel confident that he will dine with us on Monday the sixth." When your letter was brought in, I plumed myself very much (before opening it) on being so accurate and I do assure you that for a moment I was quite sorry and disappointed. But

to connect any such feelings with such a letter long was out of the question; so I brightened up again very soon and am now quite radiant.

The ocean can no more divide you and me than darkness can shut out Heaven from a blind man. Were it twenty times as broad as it is, we could send a warm pressure of the hand across it, and I feel, besides, an inexpressible confidence that on one side of it, or the other, we shall meet again.

God bless you, my dear fellow. In the happiness of home, I shall only remember you the more earnestly, heartily and affectionately. I don't know how extravagantly I shall feel or what extravagant things I shall do in the joy of heart with which I shall first stand among my household Deities again. But I will tell you all about it from the midst of them, with God's leave.

I write God bless you, once more, as if that were a satisfaction. Who that has ever reflected on the enormous and vast amount of leave-taking there is in this life, can ever have doubted the existence of another!

I have more than half a mind to write those three words of farewell again — but let this go with it, for you know that it comes from, Yours with all his heart,

CHARLES DICKENS.

I cannot tell you how often I feel grieved at our not having dined together alone on that day, when we went to South Boston, and now it really weighs upon me quite heavily.

BROADSTAIRS, KENT,

Wednesday, August the Third, 1842.

MY DEAR FRIEND: — I date this letter from a little fishing town on the sea coast, whither we have retired (according to our annual custom) for a couple of months. It is a very delicious place; and I wish I could meet you on the beach in one of my long walks hereabouts.

The receipt of your letter gave me inexpressible pleasure. I have read the lines in which you recall our parting — many times — always with new interest, and a still more eager looking forward to that bright day when we shall meet again on this side of the ocean. For I make a point of taking it for granted that that day is to come, and is to come moderately soon. There is nothing like assuming a fact stoutly in such a case as this. The comfort is unspeakable.

When we sat down in our own dear old home again, we did just as you have imagined. I never in my life felt so keenly as on the night of our reaching it. When we had expended ourselves upon

the children, I hurried away to see Macready who had had charge of them in our absence. He was sitting in a dark room by an open window, and had no idea who it was, until I laid my hand upon his sleeve and spoke. Such a scene as we had then! I hustled off to see another most intimate friend. He was dining out. Thereupon I drove to the place where he was dining; and admonishing the servant not to say who it was, told him to carry in the message that a gentleman wanted to speak to him. Guessing directly what it was, he came flying out of the house, got into the carriage, pulled up the window and began to cry. We had gone a couple of miles before he remembered he had left his hat behind him!

It would have been worth going anywhere — far less going where I have gained such friends as you — to feel the affection and attachment I have been made sensible of in ten thousand quiet ways, since I came home. As to the pleasures of home itself; they are unspeakable.

We found our darlings heartily well; and delighted beyond all telling to see us. They were in bed, but we very quickly had them up, you may believe. Charley (our eldest boy) told his mother that he was "too glad," as indeed he was, for he soon afterwards fell into violent convulsions. Dr. Elliotson told us afterwards that the sudden joy had perfectly turned his brain and overthrown his system, and that he had never seen the like in a child. Thank God he soon got well again. I can see him now, from the window at which I am writing digging up the sand on the shore with a very small spade, and compressing it into a perfectly impossible wheelbarrow. The cliffs being high and the sea pretty cold, he looks a mere dot in creation. It is extraordinary how many hopes and affections we may pile up on such a speck; small as it is.

I have decided on writing an account of my journeyings in America and am at this moment busily engaged upon the book. It will be published in a couple of volumes, either in October (I hope) or November next.

I shall be very curious and eager to get your first letter after reading it. As I fear I may miss the next packet even at the best, I must make this a very short epistle. But as I never should feel, though I made it a mile long, that I had said anything I want to say, I have the less scruple in closing it. Mrs. Dickens desires her best regards to yourself and Mrs. Chapman. The children, hearing us speak of you look very hard at this sheet of paper, and repeat the message. So I will add Mary's love and Katey's and Walter's, and take upon myself the responsibility of sending Charley's also.

God bless you, ever believe me, affectionately your friend,

CHARLES DICKENS.

This letter is very picturesque. The warmth and enthusiasm of the home-coming are very pleasant. Yet the scene is a trifle bewildering, too. Had it taken place among effervescent Frenchmen it would be accepted as natural enough. But in fact it is staged in dismal, murky London; and the *dramatis personae* are stolid, unemotional, unexpressive Englishmen. It is an Englishman who forgets his hat and bursts into tears in the hackney-coach; another Englishman who makes over the poor little child, English too, in his crib, such a hullabaloo that the little victim of noisy affection falls into "violent convulsions," has his puzzled baby brain turned and his infantile English "system overthrown." If curiosity leads us to seek an explanation of these strange phenomena, would it be an altogether inexcusable suggestion to recall that the favorite tippie of that day in England was brandy and soda, and that the great "Boz" was not poisoned by modern prejudices as to such imbibings? Let me confess that when I first read this letter I seemed to be aware of a cheery, once not unfamiliar aroma arising perceptibly and pleasantly from it. Scandalous, say you? Well not much so in those happy old days.

1 Devonshire Terrace,
YORK GATE, REGENT'S PARK,
Fifteenth October, 1842.

MY DEAR FRIEND: — I was heartily glad to see your handwriting when the Cunard Boat which brought your letter came in, and I was heartily glad to read it not the less so, because it led me to the belief that your tenderness for me was keener and less bold than any anxiety you would ever entertain for yourself.

In lieu of the American people, (or the worst among them as a mass,) consider them for a moment as a man. If you could only retain the friendship of an Individual by the sacrifice of everything which elevates you in your own respect — by fearing to speak the Truth, by keeping a timid silence, by debating within yourself at every turn as though he were a rich relation, "Will he like this; will he be angry if I say that; will he find out that I am but a toy for his amusement if I do the other" — would you seek to hold it, for a day? If I know you, "No." Neither would I. And because I claim to have been kindly received in America by reason of something I had done to amuse its people and prepossess them in my favor; and not with reference to something I was not to do; therefore, I write about its people and write freely.

And as I have never been deterred by hopes of promotion or visions of greatness, from pointing out abuses at home, so no amount of popular breath shall blow me from my purpose, if I see fit to point out what in my judgment are abuses abroad. And if my being an honest man bring down caprice and weathercock fickleness, and the falsest kind of insult on my head, what matters it to me — or to you — or to any man who is worth the name, and being right can look down on the crowd, and whistle while they hiss?

What is to prevent my writing? The certainty of not pleasing them. How does the certainty appear? By every claim I have upon them being disregarded and cast ruthlessly aside, at the printed bidding of some abandoned fellow; and aspersions being greedily believed which make me out a lying adventurer. My dear Chapman, if we yielded to such reasons or such men as these; in five years' time there would be no such thing as Truth in the world; and from that hour downward, her cause would be a hopeless, desperate venture. I am well convinced that in your heart of hearts, you think and feel with me. I am well convinced that there is not in my book one solitary line in which you and such as you will not most thoroughly concur. I dispassionately believe that in the slow fullness of time, what I have written will have some effect in purging your community of evils which threaten its very existence, and I know that it is written kindly and good-humoredly; and that I have never, for an instant, suffered myself to be betrayed into a hasty or unfair expression, or one I shall at any time regret. Believe me, my dear friend, the fact is literally so; and that you will find it so, to your entire contentment. And when you meet with evidences of a change in the popular opinion towards me, is it not enough to say within yourself, "If he had not brought about that change himself, he would not be the man who is my friend, but would be some other fellow whom I could hear dispraised with supreme indifference?"

Longfellow from Cambridge is staying with us just now and will return I believe by the *Great Western* next Saturday. I shall charge him with a copy of my book for you. I have caused my publishers to take such precautions as will prevent (I hope) its reaching America by the steamer which will bring you this letter. Our darlings are all well, and send all manner of messages in broken English to yours. Mrs. Dickens joins me in cordial and sincere remembrances to yourself and to Mrs. Chapman, and I am always — stay; not always unconditionally — conditionally on your not, at any future time talking about the length of your letters, or committing any such monstrous absurdity, Your faithful friend,

CHARLES DICKENS.

I have no notion of boring you with tedious remarks about the *American Notes*. The cobwebs of oblivion and the dust of indifference lie thick on every copy that can be found in this country; though not the less must we remember that it stands permanently on the record as the testimony of an intelligent and disinterested witness. Yet I am tempted to say a few words about this letter. It is Dickens' defence, his *apologia pro libro suo*. As such what does it amount to? Note first that he wrote it before a word of dissatisfaction had come from this side of the water, for it preceded the arrival of the first copy of the book in this country. Thus excuse ran before accusation, and every one knows what that means. But never mind this; the vital point concerns the value of the excuse, not its timeliness. Substantially Dickens alleges that he saw among us sundry shameful customs and characteristics which so fired his noble soul that there was nothing for it save that he should at once pick up his most vituperative pen, dip it in his most acrid inkstand, and give us the drubbing which we so richly deserved. Incidentally he declares himself to be altogether "dispassionate" and that he writes quite "kindly and good-humoredly." Indeed! Well, even so does an apparently enraged parent violently spank his child and then demand from the spankee approval for the admonition so considerably administered.

There was in the defence the fundamental defect that it did not begin at the beginning. It skipped lightly over the initial, or basic stage of the offence. Before taking up the discussion of what Dickens had written, it was to be settled whether he had any right or proper business to be writing anything at all. It was very well for him to publish *Oliver Twist* in England, his own land, where his citizenship made him a partner with the privilege of free speech in all affairs of the partnership. But in transferring his activities across the ocean and making our foreign territory the field for his reformatory operations, he did just what the Sinn Feiners are now doing to the just indignation of all intelligent Americans. In a word his earliest, fundamental offence was that of unauthorized and impertinent intermeddling, and this his defence leaves undefended—for the good reason that he himself had not the slightest suspicion, or even understanding, that such an offence could be commit-

ted by him, Charles Dickens, genius and privileged reformer. This imperception was one of his limitations. Perhaps he had never taken the trouble to make his way through the Scotch patois of one Robbie Burns. If he had done so he might have taken wholesome warning from the fine lashing which the Scottish bard gave to the imprudent Captain Grose:

Hear, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groats;
If there 's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede you tent it:
A chiel 's amang ye, taking notes,
And, faith, he 'll prent it!

It is a kind of visitor known in all lands and loved in none. When Thackeray visited the States, and many persons naturally expected that he would write about them, he wrote to his daughter: "I think not. It seems *impudent* to write a book." The word touched the vital point of the project and was conclusive. Of course if one is put to choose between doing a substantially good action or a merely civil one, he must prefer the good. But even in this principle there lies no vindication for Dickens, and again the instinct of Thackeray was far sounder. He said to John Esten Cooke: "I shall not write anything about America; and as for abusing you, if I do I'm damned!" And better still on another occasion: "If I can say anything to show that my name is really Makepeace, and to increase the source of love between the countries, then please God I will." That was a large and noble view. Quite otherwise behaved Mr. Dickens, who, without probably achieving a particle of good by his abusive preachments, doubtless did more than any other one man ever has done to alienate during at least a generation two nations who ought to be especially united. In the one of them he planted contempt for the other; and in that other he planted rankling and bitter resentment. Had he not better have left our faults to wear themselves out in the natural course of the development and improvement of the world?

After all it comes back largely to the statement which used to be gingerly whispered in confidential chat, but now is an accepted commonplace: that Dickens was not a gentleman. When at the dinner table he drew from his pocket a comb and studi-

ously arranged with it the hair upon his face, it was obvious that he lacked good-breeding. But it would be unworthy to lay serious stress upon defects of manners perhaps attributable to an early environment for which he was not responsible. Such show only a regrettable lack of perception. Further, his violence and incapacity for reticence were temperamental, and genius is entitled to any kind of temperament which happens to be allotted to it. But his hopeless inability to appreciate or to respect either the feelings or even the rights of others made it impossible for him ever to take position as a gentleman in the full and high meaning of that word, descriptive, as it should be, of character much more than of deportment. It was a minor bit of ill luck for Dickens that he and Thackeray happened to be contemporaries, and so to be drawn inevitably into frequent comparison. It was hard for him with his effervescent, humorous, original, amusing, very enjoyable genius, to have his deficiency in the shape of educational limitations projected, as it were, against the exquisite, rarely finished, literary cultivation of Thackeray. But it must be admitted that the gravest misfortune of Dickens' life—the publication of the *American Notes*—was all of his own making. In the ill-starred volumes all his positive faults and all his negative deficiencies found deplorable exemplification. The book did much mischief, and no good. I think this can be said with fairness, as a judgment rather than as a striking back in any vindictive temper.

DR. BENJAMIN WATERHOUSE.

Mr. THAYER read an autobiographic letter of Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse to Dr. James Tilton. Dr. Tilton (1745–1822) was a native of Delaware who had served as hospital physician and surgeon through the War for Independence, and at the time this letter was written physician and surgeon-general, an office which he resigned two months after Waterhouse wrote.

DR. BENJAMIN WATERHOUSE TO DR. JAMES TILTON.

CAMBRIDGE, 24th of March, 1815.

DEAR SIR, — In your letter of the 11th inst. you ask me if I wish to be retained on the peace establishment, or whether I have live-

lier prospects of ambition. You desire me to make up my mind and let you know; and you kindly add, that if you can render me any services, I must not fail to command them. And for these expressions of friendship is your patience taxed with this long letter.

My situation and circumstances are peculiar. President Adams has often said they have a striking resemblance to those of his, and our friend the late Dr. Rush, who was once reduced by his political and professional enemies almost to want bread, until he gave him the place of Secretary to the Mint, by way of anchor in the storm; and which saved him. I will relate, and you shall judge.

I went to Europe in 1775 for my improvement in physic, where I remained nearly eight years, four of them I spent at the University of Leyden; and about three in London, in the family of my relation Dr. Fothergill, who was throughout my *fulcrum*. On my return to my native place Rhode Island, I was called from thence by the Supreme Authorities of the State of Massachusetts to fill the chair of the Professorship of the Theory and Practice of Physick, Hancock and Adams being then at the head of the Government, and I sustained this office with some reputation, *twenty-nine* years, when I was dismissed for my political heresies; for in 1806, this ancient University was taken entire possession of by the notorious *Essex Junto*, who consider it their castle, or stronghold, and have accordingly manned it with picked men of their own cast. I had created and maintained a Professorship of Natural History, and during about four and twenty years, had collected and made a very considerable cabinet of Natural History, especially of minerals, yet was I gradually and insidiously, during seven years, under various pretences, stripped of the fruits of all my labour, and in 1812, set adrift with the loss of every thing but my honour. The *faction* meant to destroy me; to beat me to the ground forever — never to rise again. How these men came filled with such fell rancour towards me needs explanation.

When Mr. Jefferson came into office, the late Judge Lowell, a leading man of the *Junto*, and a very influential governor of this University, and a warm friend of mine, gave us, of the college to understand, that the church and all our other sacred Institutions were in danger, particularly the University, that therefore it behoved us Professors to rally with the clergy, and together form *the front-rank* in the Massachusetts *army of federalism*, in opposition to infidelity, Jacobinism and *Jeffersonism*. My associates, and the clergy very generally swallowed and relished this doctrine, while I remained rather silent. I however, at length, said thus

much to my esteemed friend Lowell: "as I know not exactly what you mean by *federalism*, I should rather, that we unite and endeavour to form the front rank of knowledge, and virtue, and piety, and leave to the politician the government of the State." "True," said these Junto-men, "but *we must form these politicians.*" It is from this Seminary go all the Lawyers, Divines and Physicians, and *gentlemen*, and here they must imbibe *true* principles, (which were little more than hatred to France, adoration of England, and contempt of their own country). From this time, the exercises and orations of the students were replete with *Essex Junto* doctrines; and soon after the pulpits uttered similar sentiments. I could not entirely conceal my disapprobation of this line of conduct.

At length our papers began to be filled with pieces ridiculing Mr. Jefferson's credulity of *a mountain of salt* in Louisiana, when I sent some short dissertations to the press, proving that mountains, or vast and high bodies of salt actually did exist in various parts of the world; and I shewed to my pupils in Natural History various specimens of such salt. This stopped the current of low abuse against the President, but brought the vengeance of the party on my head. I was stiled "the flatterer of the Infidel Jefferson."

When I undertook the very arduous task of introducing and defending vaccination in its disputed march through an host of enemies, Mr. Jefferson, by his correspondence, strengthened my hands and encouraged my heart. This you may be sure did me no good with the party, who governed this college, and they began to predict that I should one day desert their ranks.

While Mr. John Quincy Adams was on a visit in my family, the memorable "affair of the Chesapeake" happened; and it electrified us both. We did not merely talk, and coolly argue, but we raved, and filled the Newspapers with our sentiments. As the Junto-party took the British side of the question, they were enraged to find that the *Professor of Oratory and Rhetoric*, and the *Professor of Physic* openly and emphatically advocated Mr. Jefferson. As it regarded myself, it was passing the Rubicon with my college-friends, and indeed the whole party. From this time, as you may well suppose, I was regarded with "*an evil eye*," and both Mr. Adams and myself experienced, at times, marks of the party's vengeance. I am firmly of opinion, had not Mr. Adams been appointed to go Minister to Russia, he would have been dismissed from his professorship. He himself thought so, and so did his father. From that time the persecution became notorious, and produced a schism in the University, but the votes of the dominant

party prevailed; and I was dismissed from my professorship in 1812, and turned out, for all they knew to starve; or to return to them again, after confessing my errors and begging pardon; for they promised me an act of oblivion and forgiveness, under *certain conditions*; which I rejected with scorn.

The late Vice President Gerry was knowing to all this persecution, and while he was governor of the State, he retarded its progress; but nothing could stop it entirely. My venerable friend, the late President Adams, saw all their movements and foretold the event; and his correspondence, which I have enjoyed for many years, down to this day, consoled me in my trials. Dr. Rush was not unacquainted with it; neither was Mr. Jefferson, who wrote to me in March, 1813, that "They (the party) may solicit an *Auto da fé* to burn you for your heresy, or force you to fly south of Connecticut, where no truth is feared, where Science is honored, not reviled; and where you, as one of its sons would always be received with cordiality."

My affairs were thus situated, when Mr. Adams, Mr. Gerry, Mr. Gray and some other of my friends, undertook, of their own accord, to represent my situation to the President, and some of the heads of Department at Washington.

About this time Dr. Rush wrote to Mr. Adams and suggested my standing a candidate for a place at the head of the Medical Staff of the army. He said he had been consulted, and he had advised, that the Government should appoint a Physician General *and* a Surgeon-General; one to be a northern man, the other a southern man, that together they might be masters of the disorders, and habits of both extremes of the Union. He afterwards wrote to me, and said, that he believed, that on this plan, I would be appointed the Physician General; but he added, if the Government should from an idea of economy, chuse *only one person*, then "that person will not be you;" but a surgeon of character and great experience in one of our middle States, viz., as he said afterwards, a gentleman in Delaware. After that person was appointed, General Armstrong offered me, through the Vice President, the place of Hospital Surgeon to this District.¹ I replied that I would accept it, on the condition of being stationary, and being allowed to reside in Cambridge, or Boston; to which he assented, through Mr. Gerry; and after sending Dr. Wheaton² to the frontiers, sent me my appointment, here, but I never received my commission *untill yesterday*.

¹ Tilton was appointed June 11 and Waterhouse June 29, 1813.

² Walter V. Wheaton.

Now I have said to you what I should have said in conversation; and you know now all about it, and about me. One thing only remains to be mentioned.

The Junto, or Faction have enlisted nearly every active man in the three learned professions. They have a numerous body of intriguers, writers and preachers. In their rebellious corps I might have carried a pair of colors; but my conscience would not let me; and I threw myself into the lean, pinched up corps of Republicans, and took up my post behind the press, whence I have not only kept up a pretty constant fire, but made cartridges for others to fire from other posts. President Adams warned me early of the danger of it, and said that the faction would not hesitate to destroy me and my family also, if they could. But I felt the impulse operating like an irresistible instinct, and I cannot resist its operations. For more than seven years past have I poured an unceasing stream of Republicanism on the wheels of government, while all about me were endeavouring to impede them. If this is not universally known here, it is universally *guessed at*. The number of republican writers here is very circumscribed, while the federalists have hosts of them. We have but three republican papers in Boston, they nevertheless keep the enemy at bay, and have rendered the whole business of the *Hartford Convention* a laughing stock to the whole continent. Now I mention these things to shew, that if I were to quit Boston, our friends here would be disposed to cry out, *you have deserted us; you have thrown away your pen, for some gainful project*. The faction have been more than once defeated and put to rout by the steady fire of the republican papers; and if it slacken they will even now crowd upon us; for so long as their ambitious men are *out of place*, their hostility will be unabated. To all this I must add, that I possess a small but handsome seat with ten acres of land, on the Cambridge common, about 200 paces in front of the colleges, where my six children were born. This is about four miles from the centre of Boston, and about two and a half to our hospital. I should indeed by [be] very unwilling to quit this pleasant stand. The advantage must be considerable, and the establishment permanent, to render my decamping an act of prudence. While connected with the University my income was about twenty-five hundred dollars; of this I have been entirely stripped; and my reliance has been wholly on my pay as hospital surgeon; and of this I have not received a cent since last June. And thus you have a rapid sketch of my humble history. By it you will perceive, that I cannot live without the support of government, *for whose cause I have been sacrificed*. Mr. Jefferson is fully apprized of all this, and

Mr. Madison, and Mr. Monroe have been lately made acquainted with some of the most striking particulars.

As you have encouraged me to take advantage of your friendship, I would thank you to make such a representation as *you think* my case allows, and calls for. Cannot I be employed here in the vicinity of the capital of New England, the center of many important posts; for fix one leg of the compass in Boston, and extend the other one hundred miles, and make with it a semicircle, (the sea-board forming the chord) and see what a number of posts it includes. Beside all in the first district, it includes nearly half of the second. Why may not a medical district include two military districts, or in fewer words, *all New England*; and why may not the surgeon of No. 1 have such a jurisdiction in time of peace.

As we have no invalid establishment, like other nations, *we must* have here and there hospitals for the reception and maintenance of certain mutilated men — paralytic, nephritic, and epileptic men, who never had any homes or relations in America, of whom there are many from Ireland, and from the north of Europe. Many of them are so disabled that no person can board them and treat them properly for sixty dollars a year. It is totally impracticable. You and I know these things better than the Secretary at War. If 'you recur to my topographical description of this vicinity, sent you last July, you will, I trust, agree with me, that there is no spot this side of the Hudson so well adapted for such an asylum as Charlestown, where we have as neat a *little* hospital as any upon earth: and I have been sufficiently conversant with them all my life to judge of them. Altho' we have no personal acquaintance, I rely on you to express your opinion as to my care and competency.

My general idea is this. It is of importance to keep entire and together the medical system of the United States, which shall be like a ship in ordinary, that shall be fitted for sea, on a short notice, without being obliged to build one from the keel. You told me that General Armstrong was pleased with my idea of *Medical Cadets*. Why cannot that idea be perpetuated through peace? Foreign nations keep alive their medical establishments, and so ought we; for on my soul I believe that our present tranquillity is but *truce*. At least this is the opinion of our deep thinkers in this quarter.

I cannot resist believing that the government will have an hospital kept up in this vicinity. I cannot easily conceive how they can do otherwise.

As to myself I never can re-enter private practice, nor shall I ever resume lecturing. Almost all the other hospital surgeons are

young men and will commence practice, such as Wheaton and Lovell.¹ Dr. Mann² is not young, but he left his village practice with a partner and can resume it whenever he wishes. My wish is to be retained in the service in my old residence, and to be so situated and circumstanced as to be able to serve my country as a medical man, and *with my pen as a literary one*. I have consulted our *republican Fathers* here, and they coincide in my opinion and wishes. Forgive this long and tedious "*Talk*" for the sake of the tribe to which belongs your friend

BENJ'N WATERHOUSE.

PICKERING vs. WESTON, 1623.

Mr. FORD stated that early in January he had received from Mr. Victor C. Sanborn, son of our late member Franklin B. Sanborn, transcripts of the records of depositions taken in a suit brought by Edward Pickering and John Fowler against Thomas Weston and others, the two principals being connected with the fortunes of the Pilgrim migration. The transcripts were accompanied by elaborate notes made by Mr. Sanborn, and were offered for publication in the *Proceedings*. After a letter of inquiry had passed a note from his colleague in historical investigation, Mr. Charles E. Banks, gave notice of Mr. Sanborn's death on January 13, after a brief illness of pneumonia, aged fifty-three. The material thus has not received revision at his hands and is printed as an interesting contribution to the little that is known of these early adventurers in New England colonization.

Mr. Sanborn's communication was as follows:

The Exchequer Depositions by Commission³ contain much of value in regard to early New England settlers, and are too little known to our students of history. In these files are to be found the depositions taken in a suit between two men, Edward Pickering and Thomas Weston, who were intimately associated with the Pilgrim Fathers.

EDWARD PICKERING, born about 1580, belonged to the

¹ Joseph Lovell, appointed a hospital surgeon, June 30, 1814, and became surgeon general in 1818.

² James Mann, of Massachusetts, hospital surgeon, had been honorably discharged in 1815 but was reinstated in 1816.

³ These are calendared in the 38th, 39th and 40th Reports of the Deputy Keeper of the Public Records.

Haberdashers Company of London.¹ His father was one John Pickering, of whom nothing is known with certainty, save the fact that he was mentioned in his son's will. The name of Pickering, not then uncommon, was found in London early in the sixteenth century. It seems possible, however, that John Pickering came from Cheshire.²

In 1609 Edward Pickering took as apprentice Owen Rowe³ (afterwards well known), who later became his partner. In 1611 or 1612 Pickering established himself at Amsterdam in Holland, for reasons of trade, or possibly because he was in sympathy with the Separatist church there. He married at Leyden, December 15, 1612, Mary Stubbe or Stubbes,⁴ one of John Robinson's congregation, and thus, doubtless became interested in the migration and one of the company of merchant adventurers who financed the undertaking.

In 1612 Pickering became the agent in Holland of Thomas Weston; and they built up a considerable trade in wares of various sorts.⁵ This joint arrangement continued for eight or nine years. Its success was threatened from the first, because Weston would not render satisfactory accounts. Finally, in 1621, Pickering came himself to London to obtain a settlement. Four merchants, three of whom⁶ at least were members of the company which later financed Plymouth, were to draw up articles between them. Three other merchants,⁷ who seem to

¹ *Herald and Genealogist*, II. 62.

² Pickering's apprentice was also from Cheshire.

³ *Dictionary of National Biography*, XLIX. 345. In 1636 he intended to come to New England, and land was assigned to him at Mount Wollaston; but he never came over. He served as Colonel of the green regiment of the London trained-bands, was one of the judges who signed the death-warrant of Charles I, and was much interested in the Bermuda company. After the Restoration he was confined in the Tower, and died there in 1661.

⁴ The Dutch record shows that Mary Stubbe came from "Stromse," which Mr. Dexter thought was either Romsey in Hants, or Strumpshaw in Norfolk. Stubbes, like Pickering, was a family name common to many English counties. She had two brothers, John and Francis Stubbes.

⁵ The depositions (*infra*) show that one of their ventures was the importing into England of non-conformist books, then printed in Holland to escape the strict censorship in London.

⁶ Daniel Poynton, Thomas White, and William Greene. The identity of the fourth merchant, Thomas Harriott, has not been discovered.

⁷ John Lamotte, William Spurstowe and Thomas Colthurst were the three arbitrators originally named — all men of substance in London. For the will of William Spurstowe, see *New Eng. Hist. Gen. Reg.*, III. 138.

have had no connection with the company, were named as arbitrators. Two more arbitrators¹ were later added, at Weston's request. Pickering sent to Holland for his brother-in-law and bookkeeper, Francis Stubbes, to bring to London the original books of account. Each party to the dispute bound himself to abide by the award. John Fowler² was Pickering's surety, and William Greene³ was Weston's. Before the arbitrators had made their award, Weston or his father-in-law sued Pickering on his bond and arrested him. Pickering and Fowler at once sued Weston in the Court of Exchequer, and made parties defendant Weston and his father-in-law, Weston's brother Andrew, and Dame Mary Edmondson.⁴

In the summer of 1623 Pickering fell ill, and he died at London in July. He was buried in the chapel of Allhallows, Honey Lane, 7 July, 1623. Four days later his brother-in-law, Francis Stubbes, was buried in the cloisters of Allhallows.⁵ Thus, at one time, the plaintiff and his principal witness were swept away. The suit was continued by Fowler, and by Pickering's executors. How it was decided does not appear.

Edward Pickering by his will⁶ left £50 "unto that hopefull worke begunn in Newe England, to be ymployed and layed out for the benefitt and helpinge ouer those Englishe people

¹ Richard Bladwell and Thomas Wetherall.

² This may have been the John Fowler who witnessed the sealing of the Cape Ann patent in 1623. I take it he was the "John Fowler of Walbrook Ward," mentioned as able to lend money to the King in the list of 1640; 2 *Misc. Gen. et Her.*, II. 116.

³ A William Greene signed (with Pickering) the letter of 1622, warning the Plymouth settlers against Weston; but this could hardly have been Weston's surety. There may be some confusion of Christian names here; see (*infra*) a connection between Weston's wife and the Greens of Market Overton.

⁴ This was the widow of Sir Clement Edmondson (1564?-1622), Clerk of the Privy Council, and, according to Wood, Master of Requests. For Sir Clement, see the *Dictionary of National Biography*, XVI. 389. He was to get some part of the bond, if collected.

⁵ *Registers of Allhallows, Honey Lane*, (Harleian Society), 271.

⁶ The will of Edward Pickering, proved in P. C. C. 26 Aug. 1623 (Swann 86), is printed in *New Eng. Hist. Gen. Reg.*, XLIX. 369-370. His death in that year shows why his name was not appended to the composition with the London company in 1626. The accusation of his unwillingness to help send more of the Leyden colony to Plymouth (which Mr. Dexter suggests) seems to rest entirely on Weston's letter of April 10, 1622.

whoe dwell in Laydon thether." His widow continued to live in Holland.¹ They had three children:

- i. John, who may have been one of the John Pickerings who later came to New England, though proof is lacking.²
- ii. Mary, of whom there is no further record.
- iii. Sincere (a daughter), who married in Leyden 18 March, 1636, Elias Arnold.

Thomas Weston was born about 1585. His ancestry is not known with certainty, but it seems probable that he came from Shropshire — perhaps from Shrewsbury.³ He was certainly not a brother of the Earl of Portland, as has been suggested.⁴

On August 5, 1602, he was apprenticed to Rowland Heylin,⁵ of the London Company of Ironmongers. Heylin⁶ served twice as Master of that Company, and was Sheriff of London in 1624. He was a native of Shrewsbury, of good Welsh descent, and through his munificence the Bible was first translated into the Welsh language.

March 21, 1611, Weston was admitted by servitude to the freedom of the Company of Ironmongers. An adventurous character, he soon enlarged his trade. Through his agent in Holland, Edward Pickering, he undoubtedly learned of the plan of the Leyden colony, to settle in the New World. Weston's own visit to Holland in 1619, perhaps undertaken to look after his affairs in the Low Countries, had this important result to New England, that he persuaded the Pilgrims not to negotiate further with the Dutch government, or with the Virginia Company of London; but to depend on Weston and his friends among the London merchants for funds and ship-

¹ *England and Holland of the Pilgrims*, 628. See also the license of June 25, 1624, for "Ellinor Shillcock and Charitie Blunden, servants to one Mrs. Pickering widow resident at Amsterdam" to go to Holland. *Genealogist*, n. s. xxv. 173.

² John Pickering of Salem came probably from Coventry in Warwickshire; *Aspinwall Notarial Records*, 334. For other Salem people from Coventry, see *New Eng. Hist. Gen. Reg.*, xviii. 151-153. John Pickering of Piscataqua (Portsmouth, N. H.) was born about 1610. There is nothing to show from what part of England he came.

³ One Simon Weston, a draper of Shrewsbury, was a contemporary. He was perhaps connected with the Westons of Rugeley in Staffordshire, and his daughter married into that line. Andrew Weston, of Fitz in Salop, was also contemporary; this was the name of Thomas Weston's brother.

⁴ This claim of brotherhood is made in *New Eng. Hist. Gen. Reg.*, xli. 285.

⁵ This information comes from the Clerk of the Company of Ironmongers; see his letter (*infra*).

⁶ *Dictionary of National Biography*, xxvi. 323.

ping for their voyage.¹ This, I take it, was the beginning of the London company of merchant adventurers who financed Plymouth; and Weston was probably their first Treasurer. Mr. Adams justly says, that without Weston's support, temporary and inspired by unworthy motives as it was, "there can be little doubt that the Plymouth settlement would not have been effected when and where it was."²

About 1620 Weston married Elizabeth, the daughter of Christopher Weaver,³ a merchant, sometimes of Stamford in Lincolnshire and sometimes of London, belonging to a good Welsh family, from Presteign in Radnor. His wife was Alice, the daughter of John Greene⁴ of Market Overton in Rutlandshire. Christopher Weaver died at London, and his will, describing him as of Stamford, was filed in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury in 1648 (74 Essex). His son, John Weaver of Stamford and North Luffenham, was a prominent Puritan, served in the Long Parliament, was Commissioner for Ireland under Oliver Cromwell, and later a member of Richard Cromwell's Council of State.⁵

Early in 1622 Weston, in spite of his large promises, had abandoned the Plymouth settlement, or, as seems possible, the London company, warned by Pickering's revelations of Weston's untrustworthiness, had bought him out. His finances were failing, and he sought to recoup himself by colonizing on his own account, perhaps by more devious methods. In January he and John Beauchamp sent over the little *Sparrow* of thirty tons, to fish and trade. The *Sparrow* went on to the fishing grounds, but her master sent a boat to Plymouth bearing six or seven men, the advance guard of Weston's colony of "rude fellows."

In March, 1622, Weston himself fitted out two more ships, the *Charity* and a small pinnace, the *Swan*. While these ships were loading at London, and while Weston was picking up his

¹ Bradford, *History of Plymouth Plantation*, I. 99-100.

² Adams, *Three Episodes in Massachusetts History*, 47.

³ Weaver pedigree in Maddison, *Lincolnshire Pedigrees*, 1046, 1047, from Herald's College MS C. 23.

⁴ Weston's relative, Richard Greene, came over in charge of the Wessagusset colony, and died at Plymouth. Winslow calls him a brother-in-law of Weston; he was probably a cousin of Weston's wife.

⁵ *Dictionary of National Biography*, IX. 90. His appointment as Commissioner for Ireland may explain the hitherto unsolved enigma of why Elizabeth (Weston) Conant, a niece of John Weaver, lived in Ireland from 1652 to 1684; see p. 172, *infra*.

disorderly band "at all adventures," the purser of the *Charity*, Philemon Powell,¹ was arrested and imprisoned. This arrest of the purser hung up the whole voyage. Weston at once petitioned² Lord Cranfield for Powell's release, or for his prompt trial, alleging that his arrest was delaying "at least .80. persons lying at the petitioner's charge." Whether this released Powell or not, we are not told, but in April or May the two ships sailed for New England. Sixty men, the main guard of Weston's colony, stopped in Plymouth (at the charge of the settlers there), while the *Charity* went on to Virginia with passengers and supplies for that Colony.

The *Sparrow* fished at Monhegan, came down to Plymouth in midsummer, and went on to Virginia, where Weston is said to have sold both ship and fish.³ The *Charity* came back to Plymouth in August, and took Weston's company to begin that short-lived settlement; she then returned to London. The little *Swan*⁴ stayed at Wessagusset.

Weston himself came to New England early in 1623 "with some of the fisher-men, under another name, and the disguise of a blacke-smith" — probably to elude the officers of justice,⁵ who may have been set on his track by Sir Ferdinando Gorges. The deposition of Francis Stubbes (*infra*) stated that "Weston doth now [1623] absent and hide himself, and hath done so for a year or thereabouts."

The later life of Weston has been well told by Mr. Adams and by Mr. Ford.⁶ Dr. Johnston has furnished illuminating

¹ Powell deposed in the Pickering-Weston suit as a "leather seller of London." He was probably a servant of Weston's, and turned up again in Virginia in 1627. *Virginia Mag. of Hist. & Biog.*, xxvii. 37, 265.

² This petition (*infra*) was found in the Sackville mss. Mr. Arthur Newton, through whose kindness the petition is sent, states that a new calendar of the important Sackville mss. is now being prepared.

³ Weston is said to have bought Beauchamp out of the *Sparrow* "before she came from Plymouth." One Maunder, the purser, laid claim to some interest in her; but Weston showed that Maunder was so poor that he (Weston) had to lend him the money to come over.

⁴ The *Swan* was an unlucky boat; and Robert Gorges did well to give her back to Weston, who traded with her up and down the coast. A scapegrace servant of Weston's ran her aground at Damariscove, and heavy damages had to be paid to one Captain Martin for a ship-load of tobacco spoiled. This unfortunate servant (Edward Nevell), for contempt of the Virginia Court, was sentenced cruelly "to lose both ears, and never to be freeman of Virginia."

⁵ Adams, *Three Episodes of Massachusetts History*, 145, 146.

⁶ Adams, *Three Episodes of Massachusetts History*; and his *Address at the*

details.¹ He sailed many times between England and New England, Virginia and Maryland. He was certainly at Virginia in 1627, but a gap exists in the record of his life from then until 1639, when he was in Boston,² and again in 1640.³ In 1642 he brought from England five immigrants to Maryland, for which service he was granted 1200 acres of land,⁴ afterwards erected into Westbury Manor, in the Province of Maryland. In January, 1645, he was again in Maryland, in financial distress because his goods in England had been seized the year before by Sir Francis Bassett, the Vice Admiral for Cornwall. He is said to have returned to England, and to have died of the dysentery in Bristol in 1645 or 1646. No proceedings in his estate appear in the files of the English probate courts. His will was evidently exhibited to the Maryland Provincial Court in 1647, when it was approved, and administration was granted to John Hansford of York County, Virginia;⁵ but the will itself is not now extant.

The wife of Weston, Elizabeth Weaver, survived him; their only surviving child was Elizabeth, born in 1632, who married Roger Conant the younger (the first white child born in Salem). She was brought to New England in 1639 or 1640, and was left in Marblehead with Moses Maverick, who had married a daughter of Isaac Allerton. No satisfactory reason is found for this young child being left in New England.⁶ Her

250th anniversary of the founding of the town of Weymouth. Bradford, *History*, and notes in *Proceedings*, II. 219-232.

¹ *New Eng. Hist. Gen. Reg.*, L. 201-206.

² Lechford's *Note Book*, 130.

³ *Ib.*, 147.

⁴ Maryland Records, Liber ABH, fo. 58.

⁵ Maryland Land Records, Liber 2, fo. 254; Records Provincial Court, Liber B, fo. 224. This John Hansford or Handford (father of Col. Thomas Hansford who was educated for his share in Bacon's Rebellion) was perhaps the principal creditor of Weston; though he may have been a connection, for the court record seems to show that Weston, in his will, had named him as executor. He was probably the son of Sir Humphrey Handford of London, one of the Virginia Company, and descended from the armorial family of Handford of Cheshire and Worcestershire. Mr. Tyler says that the Virginia Hansfords had seventy acres of land in York County, which had originally belonged to Weston. The Maryland land, Westbury Manor, passed to the Conants.

⁶ Fuller information is desired here. England and Ireland were in ferment in 1639 and 1640. Salem and Marblehead may have seemed more secure. It is not known whether Weston allied himself with Puritan, or with Cavalier. His wife's family was certainly Puritan.

first child, John Conant, was born in 1650. Shortly afterwards, leaving this child with his grandfather, she and her husband went to Ireland,¹ where Roger Conant died in 1672. His widow returned to Salem in 1684, and died in Marblehead in 1711, aged 79.

EXCHEQUER DEPOSITIONS.

Michaelmas Term, 22 James I, No. 59. Depositions taken 25 June, 21 James I [1623], on behalf of Edward Pickering and John Fowler, complainants, against Thomas Weston, Andrew Weston, Christopher Weaver, and Dame Mary Edmondes, defendants.

FRANCIS STUBBE, of Hunny Lane in the ward of Cheape, merchant, aged 23.

Has known Pickering ten years, Fowler five or six, Thomas Weston nine or ten; and Christopher Weaver, who is the said Thomas Weston's father-in-law.

There hath been trade between Pickering and Weston about nine years, ending September, 1621, Pickering residing for the most part in Holland, and Weston in London. Deponent was book-keeper to Pickering in September, 1621, and about eight years before. Pickering lived in London before going to Holland for the bettering of his trade; was then reputed of good estate, and left a partner in London, where his chief trade continued.

Has heard that Weston solicited Pickering to let this deponent also go over to Holland, for their better converse and trade together.

Pickering, after often requiring accounts from Weston, which he always promised and never rendered, refused to give him further credit, or to have further dealings with him. Money was generally sent by Pickering to Weston, and not the other way, except £100 which Weston sent to Pickering. Weston often drew great sums on Pickering before the wares Pickering had of Weston were sold; and Weston hath acknowledged the same in divers letters under his hand to Pickering, intreating Pickering for patience, and to forbear him.

He is persuaded that Weston made far more profit of Pickering than Pickering did of Weston; what Pickering made did not, he thinks, countervail his charges in Holland, his loss being far more, in likelihood, than any benefit he had by it. Weston's debts to Pickering amounted to many hundreds of pounds; but, because Weston would never render any account, Pickering was content to

¹ *New Eng. Hist. Gen. Reg.*, I. 202-203, 205-206.

take factorage, which did not amount to £200 for all his trouble, and the adventure of a great part of his estate for many years. He hath heard that many merchants would have dealt with Pickering in Holland, had he not been so cumbered with Weston's affairs.

Deponent made, and sent over to Weston every year, properly stated accounts, without deceit or falsity to his knowledge.

When the arrangement was terminated between them, Andrew Weston brought over to Holland Pickering's letter to the deponent, directing him to deliver all wares of Weston's that remained, as Weston was sending over to sell them on his own account. Certain goods had been sold after Pickering's coming over to England, and after the last account had been rendered, Andrew, after perusing the account, acknowledged the wares produced were the full remainder, and gave a receipt for them in Pickering's book. Deponent offered him other goods which had been received in barter for some of Weston's goods, but Andrew refused to take them, alleging that he had no order to take them.

Upon an account beginning 12 December, 1615, Weston stood indebted to Pickering for ready money disbursed for certain books printed in Holland, to the amount of about £80, which was more than the value of the books remaining in deponent's hands (to sell in Holland) were worth.

Pickering sent for this deponent to come from Holland to England at great charge, with his books and accounts, so that all might be justly settled between them. Soon after his arrival in England, about 24 December, 1621, a particular account was delivered to Weston of all transactions on Pickering's side, and Pickering demanded as particular an account from Weston, who delivered a false account, both in manner and matter, being general, intricate and not to be understood, and actually false. Arbitrators were chosen between them, before whom Weston could not justly take exception to Pickering's account; but the arbitrators could make nothing of Weston's account. Deponent hath since heard that Andrew Weston, his brother and servant, hath boasted that Weston only bound himself to give an account — not a *true* account. The arbitrators gave Weston further time to amend his account, which he hath not done, to this day. By Weston's desire two other merchants were added to the original arbitrators, Viz: Richard Bladwell and Thomas Wetherall of London.

Weston did not keep faith as to appointments with the arbitrators, but proceeded to arrest Pickering on a bond he had given for £1500 to abide the award that should be made, for which the arbitrators reprov'd him. Weston doth now absent and hide himself, and hath done so for a year or thereabouts.

Deponent hath heard Andrew Weston greatly complain against Christopher Weaver for his unconscionable proceedings touching the extent sued out on a bond for £800, saying that Hell would be Weaver's portion for the same.

Pickering hath always endeavored to send Weston good and vendible commodities.

There was a partible business between Pickering and one Owen Rowe, by whom Pickering has always dealt honestly; some goods were delivered to Rowe by Weston on Pickering's account.

Since 19 July, 1621, Pickering never received any goods from Weston.

DANIEL POYNTON, of Milk Street in the ward of Bread Street, London, grocer, aged 32.

Has known Pickering twelve years, Fowler ten, Thomas and Andrew Weston and Christopher Weaver about seven.

Knows that Weston would not render accounts duly, and that Pickering was drawn to give him further credit by the persuasion of William Greene and others, who passed their word for his honest dealings.

This deponent, Thomas White, William Greene and Thomas Harriott were the four merchants chosen to draw articles for a settlement between Pickering and Weston; and John Lamotte, William Spurstowe and Henry [sic] Colthurst were named arbitrators, to cast the accounts, etc.

THOMAS WHITE, of St. Mary Woolnoth in Lumber [Lombard] Street, London, merchant, aged 44.

Did know Edward Pickering deceased about ten years, Fowler ten or twelve, Thomas Weston nine or ten, Andrew Weston about eight, and Christopher Weaver only by sight.

William Greene, Weston's surety, was a man of small worth, while John Fowler, Pickering's surety, was a man of good account in the city of London.

Andrew Weston told this deponent, when he remonstrated with him for dealing very badly with Pickering, that Sir Clement Edmondes was to have a share of the bond.

There are depositions by THOMAS WETHERALL, THOMAS COLTHURST, RICHARD BLADWELL, JOHN LAMOTTE and WILLIAM SPURSTOWE, to the same effect as above.

ANDREW DORE, of St. Martin's in the Fields, gent., aged 47.

This deponent says that Andrew Weston, or some other whose name he knoweth not, came to the White Horse in Lumber Street,

and there said to a young man that if he had known the matter had been so foul, he would not have meddled with it.

RANDALL THICKNIS, citizen and merchant of London, aged 40.

Deposes as to the articles drawn between Weston and Pickering; and how the articles drawn by Weston were redrawn by Mr. Stone, a counsellor, being unequal, and impossible to be performed.

Michaelmas Term, 22 James I, No. 22. Depositions taken at Shrewsbury 28 September, 23 James I [1625], on behalf of defendants to complaint of John Fowler, James Shirley and Richard Andrews, executors of Edward Pickering deceased.

JOHN VAUGHAN, gent., of Coomery, co. Montgomery,¹ aged 40.

Knew Edward Pickering deceased for four or five years before his death, and has known Weston about twenty years.

Believes that Weston employed Pickering as his factor or dealer at Amsterdam. Divers differences arose between them, which were referred to merchants of London, whose names this deponent remembreth not.

About 9 Feb. 1617[-18] he met with Weston and Pickering at the sign of the Golden Fleece in Cornhill, where Weston pulled from his pocket the account now produced to this deponent, demanding if it were his account, and Pickering said that it was, and it was a just and true account.

On behalf of the complainants, JOHN VAUGHAN deposes that he never could perceive by speeches of Pickering other than that Pickering was indebted to Weston; but how much, other than may appear by said account, this deponent knoweth not.

Hilary Term, 22 James I, No. 2. Depositions taken at Shrewsbury 18 Jan., 22 James I [1624-25], in a suit depending between the Attorney General, plaintiff, and Richard Andrews, James Shirley, John Fowler and Thomas White, defendants.

JOHN VAUGHAN deposes as above.

Hilary Term, 22 James I, No. 8. Depositions taken at the sign of the Mightier in Wood Street, London, 20 Dec., 22 James I [1624] in suit as in No. 2 of this term.

ANDREW WESTON, of London, ironmonger, aged 25.

Deposes that Pickering was factor to Thomas Weston at Amsterdam, and did depart out of London (as he hath credibly heard) for

¹ In the *Visitation of Shropshire* (Harleian Society) he is described as of Lloyddiart, in com. Montgomery.

matter of religion. Pickering was a shopkeeper in London, and his estate was but mean, but improved through the credit of Weston.

Hath heard Weston divers times say that Pickering dealt unjustly with him, sending him wares marked with his own shopmark in Amsterdam, that had lain by and deteriorated, and were therefore unvendible.

By an account made out by Pickering's servant in Amsterdam there appears to be about £800 due from Pickering to Weston; upon receipt of which, Pickering refused to allow it, saying his servant had made a mistake. Weston thereupon caused Pickering to be arrested. The matter was then referred to arbitrators [as above].

Pickering had neglected to allow Weston for £130 interest due on £400 delivered by Weston to one Owen Rowe of London, haberdasher, at Pickering's request divers years since.

Believes that Pickering died indebted to Weston in the sum of £500.

Deponent was apprentice and servant to Weston for seven years.

HENRY MATHEWES, of the precinct of St. Katharine near the Tower, oatmeal-maker, aged 57.

Deposes that Pickering was factor for Weston at Amsterdam.

On 25 Dec. 1621 Weston demanded of Pickering in the shop of the said Pickering a true and perfect account, disputing items in the account rendered.

RANDALL THICKNIS, of Coleman Street, citizen and whitebaker, aged 40.

Pickering was Weston's factor, and lived at Amsterdam at Weston's request, to deal for him. Pickering was a shopkeeper in London, and a man of good credit.

Deponent went with Pickering to Weston's house in London, and left an account with a woman maid.

Pickering said to deponent, at the time of the winding up of their connection, that Weston was greatly in his debt.

PHILEMON POWELL, of London, leatherseller, aged 30.

Deposes as the two last.

CHRISTOPHER WEAVER, citizen and mercer of London, aged 50 or thereabouts.

Deposes that John Fowler offered to make a composition with this deponent, on behalf of Edward Pickering, paying him £236, which appeared to be due from Pickering to Weston, other matters

to be referred to Mr. George Weaver of London, merchant, a kinsman of this deponent.

OWEN ROWE, of St. Mary Bow, West Cheape, haberdasher, aged 33.

Deposes that Thomas Weston delivered to him £400, at the order of Pickering.

THE PETITION OF THOMAS WESTON.¹

To the right honorable: the Lord Cranfield Lord high Treasurer of England.

The humble peticon of THOMAS WESTON.

Humbly shewing that whereas your pet'ns: servant Philemon Powell by your honours warrant hath bene apprehended and restrayned of his libertie theis .9. daies (hee not knowing wherfore)

Now for that the said Philemon Powell is Purser of a shipp which the said peticoner (by authoritie of the Lords of the Council) hath sett forth for New England, wherein are at the least .80. psons lying on the pet'rs, charge, which amounteth one waie or other to .5. li a day at least, staying onlie for the release of the said Philemon Powell who hath the Charge and accompte of the voyage under his hand: which is not onlie a hinderance to the pet'r but will be the overthrowe of the whole voyage, in regard their long staie here, will be a cause, that they shall come too late to provision for winter.

Hee therefore humbly praieth that the said Philemon maye either bee released, or brought speedilie to his answer.

And the pet'r shall daylie praie for your Lo'pps long health with increase of honour.

[Endorsed] Rd. 18 March 1621 (1621/2). Mr. Weston, concerning Philemon Powell's discharge.

J. F. A. BECK TO VICTOR C. SANBORN

THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF IRONMONGERS.
WAX CHANDLERS HALL, GRESHAM STREET,
LONDON, E. C. 2, 12th November 1920.

DEAR SIR, — I have now searched the Company's records for information with regard to the late Mr. Thomas Weston. I find that a Thomas Weston was apprenticed to Mr. Rowland Heylin on the 5th August, 1602, and that he was admitted to the Freedom of

¹ From Lord Sackville's mss. at Knole Park, Sevenoaks: referred to in the 4th Report of the Royal Historical Manuscripts Commission, pt. 1 of Appendix, p. 277.

the Company by servitude on the 21st March, 1611. Mr. Rowland Heylin was Master of the Worshipful Company of Ironmongers in the years 1614 and 1625, and was Sheriff of London in the year 1624. He was stated to have caused the Bible to be translated into Welsh, and to have promoted the publication of a Welsh Dictionary, and a Welsh translation of the celebrated work of Lewis Bayley, Bishop of Bangor, entitled *The Practice of Piety*. He died in 1637.

I regret that I am unable to give you any further information about Thomas Weston. The Company's records at this early date do not give any records of parents or addresses. Yours faithfully,

J. F. ADAMS BECK

Clerk.

V. C. Sanborn, Esq.

WOODMAN LETTERS.

The following letters are selected from the papers of Horatio Woodman and touch upon Paul Hayne, a literary character of the South, of generous appreciation of Boston; Woodman's own sketch of Rufus Choate; and Southern aspects of national politics before 1861.

FROM PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.¹

CHARLESTON, December 22nd, 1854.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—Many thanks for your letter of the 8th, and the various journals, containing notices of my little venture, which I have received from time to time during the last month. *Particularly*, let me thank you for your own indulgent, and truly gratifying articles in the *Transcript*, and *Advertiser*. They put my mother, and wife into a perfect state of beatification, and your discernment as a Critic is pronounced of the first order. Truly your kind critiques have made *three* hearts happy. Knowing how sincere is your nature, they have encouraged me to believe that there is at least *some merit* in my book. That is eno' to make me persevere notwithstanding the *counter* opinion of the *Evening Gazette*, whose Editor I perceive has "pitched" into me after the most approved manner of modern "slashing." Of course I comfort myself by the usual resort of a "used up" man. I blaspheme the *Gazette*, and try to console my wounded vanity by the reflection that this very sagacious paper speaks superciliously of *Taylor's* poetry in a paragraph two consecutive sentences of which contain a repetition of

¹ (1830-1886.)

the word "AS" (!! eight times, or a dozen times repeated, I forget which.

Do say to Mr. Dwight that the journal whose literary department I am connected with is the *Evening News*.¹ I received last evening six numbers of his paper containing the German story, and his fine translations. I am heartily sick of Charleston already, and would give a great deal to return instanter to Boston. A strange state of mind you will think. The fact is, the people here are such damnable old fogies. Their ideas of propriety are as stiff as buckram. And so, you have not as yet seen Donna Inez? Ah! when that bright vision dawns upon your life, thenceforth you *must* be an *altered* man. I presume Mr. Whipple² and yourself still continue to patronize the *Major*. How is that worthy gentleman, that soft, sleek impassive host whose morning bow, and original observations upon the weather are characterized by such inimitable *bon-hommie*?

Let me know from time to time concerning persons and things in Boston. It will greatly relieve the monotony of my life here. By the way how is Geo. Ed. Rice?³ Should you meet him, say that I intend writing to him in a few days.

I know the scoundrel has been chuckling over that article in the *Gazette*. If he has been *too* lavish of his sarcasms, let me know, because in that case won't I abuse Hamlet, and Ephemera. I'll write a critique two columns long to prove that *these* works ARE the "most pitiful, and trashy ever penned," altho' the thing might be established more briefly. Of course, my dear W., I am only joking. I like R. and would not for the world hurt a single hair on the crest of his self-esteem. My very best regards to Mr. Whipple, and *all* my friends in Boston, including the Metcalfs. I wish Miss Julia would permit me occasionally to drop her a line, but I am not presumptuous eno' to ask it. Write soon!! Most Truly Yours,

PAUL H. HAYNE.

P.S. Return Burns and other books to J. T. F[ields.]

CHARLESTON, September 8th, 1856.

MY DEAR FRIEND: — I received your last letter about a week since, and together with it a numerous assortment of extracts from

¹ The *Weekly News* is in the Library of Congress.

² Edwin Percy Whipple (1819-1886).

³ George Edward Rice (1822-1861) made a "fanciful adaptation" of Hamlet under the title of "A New Play in an Old Garb" (1852), and in the same year, with John Howard Wainwright, printed anonymously a volume of verse with the title of *Ephemera*.

various journals and papers chiefly political, which have been quietly resting in my box at the P. O. for many weeks.

You must know that I have been upon a grand hunting and fishing expedition into the wilds of middle Florida, i.e. among the Islands skirting the Coast, and that the days passed so pleasantly I found the temptation to linger irresistible. Thus, I have spent a portion of the summer in perfect idleness, but not altogether I trust without mental profit. At Cape Romaine I saw the most miraculous sunset that ever flushed the Heavens of this lower sphere. I killed six wild turkeys (altho' that delicate bird is out of season), shot a mammoth buck, caught any quantity of fish and lived upon fresh turtle soup for a month! What a life was that! And then the cool breezes directly from the Gulf Stream, the splendid flood-tides, the delicious bathing! I wish you could have been with us.

I have looked over your budget of papers with great interest. As for the Brooks affair, I have never bestowed the slightest thought upon the matter. My only regret was that Brooks, whom I know, (and who is really a very gentlemanly commonplace person notwithstanding his present absurd notoriety) should have acted with such precipitate rashness, and that Mr. Sumner of whom I entertained a high opinion should have proved himself so deficient in manliness and energy of passion.

If stunned by Brooks' first blow, he ought to have given his antagonist notice that whenever and wherever he encountered him hereafter, his (Brooks') life was forfeit!

I would rather burn a hundred years in Hell than submit to a Public indignity — and *such* an indignity.

At the same time my dear friend, Sumner's speech must be regarded as a most unfortunate effort. It was in a high degree ungenerous, and unstatesmanlike, and as regards S. Carolina is a series of misrepresentations and special pleading from the beginning. Now remark! I am *not* defending Brooks; I simply wish to say that the whole affair appears to me to have stirred up a ridiculous amount of excitement; that opinions have rushed into extremes, and that Sumner is *not* a martyr, nor Brooks a common "stabber" and "ruffian." But eno' of this unpleasant theme. Pray write and tell me the condition of my friends in Boston. Is Rice still with you? Does Whipple still look with favor upon broiled chickens, and burgundy? Doth Fields retain his happy faculty of "quipping and quirking"? and hath the versatile Gilman withheld his corporeal estate from the grip of the Sheriff?

These I think are leading questions which as a good lawyer you must not allow to go by default.

I must postpone my visit to your city for several months on account of a literary project which has unexpectedly been thrown into my hands. Several of the Capitalists of Charleston have formed themselves into a joint stock Company for the purpose of raising the funds necessary to support a monthly Periodical¹ after the Plan of Blackwood, and I have had the honor to be appointed one of the Editors. This must keep me quite busy until the latter part of October, but then if possible I shall come to Boston. You may expect a series of *Lectures* from *Simms*² in November which perhaps we may hear together. They refer to Southern topics mostly, but such as may be of general interest. Simms is a noble fellow, but reared in solitude, and full of the faults which are fostered by a life long isolation — egotism for example, and the bad habit of talking *ex cathedra*. My best regards to Whipple, Rice, and all inquiring friends. Is the latter married? Tell him that I have (apropos of marriage) a *Son* — a perfect trump of a boy with the blackest eyes and the most vigorous genital developments that co' be found anywhere. Pray write soon and Believe me, Ever Truly Yours,

P. H. HAYNE.

The Poem on the Plague in the W. Indies is *very* striking. Thank you for it. I hav'nt seen Emerson's new book. Shall procure it today. Has Stoddard's new volume of poems appeared?³ Make Fields send me a copy. God bless you, my dear friend, and so for the nonce, Adieu.

CHARLESTON, August 17th, 1859.

MY DEAR MR. WOODMAN; — So many years have passed since my last letter to you, that I seriously fear you have forgotten me altogether.

And yet, I would fain *not* believe in this *total obliviousness*. When I reflect upon the delightful summer of 1855 [1854]; which was *chiefly* spent in Boston, of the *many*, and I think *true* friends, whose acquaintance I then made, it is scarcely possible for me *not* to hope that *some* of them (yourself among the number) still remember my existence, and perchance, take a certain degree of interest in my welfare.

These sentences *sound* formal, and yet, Heaven knows! I would not have them so. To Boston, and the few friends I am proud to

¹ *The Charleston Literary Gazette*.

² William Gilmore Simms (1806-1870).

³ Richard Henry Stoddard (1825-1903), whose *Songs of Summer* appeared in 1857.

number among its people, I always look back with the *liveliest feelings of satisfaction*. If circumstances favour me, (as they *may* one of these days), my intention is, to settle with my family (a small one, for I have but *one* child, a *boy*) in *Boston*.

To a literary man, the City of Charleston, offers no inducements *whatever*. Besides, the summer-climate would undermine the health of a *BUFFALO*. Please drop me a *line*, and inform me how you are, and what is your present position. Are you *still* a Bachelor, or has that dark-eyed Spanish girl you wot of, or some other syren, completed your destruction by enticing you into *matrimony*? Pray, what has become of *G. E. Rice*? Is he still your partner?

God bless you, my old friend; neither Time, nor Distance can make me forget all your kindness to me in former years. By the way, I have another volume in the press of Ticknor & Fields, dedicated to Whipple.¹ Ever,

P. H. HAYNE.

AIKEN, SO. CAROLINA, August 6th, 1860.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND; — I do not think that I have as yet replied to your kind note of the 20th July, commenting upon a recent notice of Simms in the *Atlantic*,² and also upon some previous remarks of mine, in reference to your own *superb* essay on the genius and character of *Rufus Choate*.³ Although for years past, we have seldom corresponded, believe me when I say, that I *still* venture to look upon you as one of my *warmest* and *truest* friends.

That little episode in a dreary life, which embraced my brief visit to Boston in 1854, always rises before me as the *pleasantest portion* of my existence; nothing but the *sternest* of necessities could have prevented me from coming North again.

But I live in HOPE. The time *must* arrive, I think, when we shall shake each other by the hand once more.

To return to your letter. The opinion you express regarding the *supercilious* observation upon Mr. Simms, and his novels, which appeared in "the *Atlantic*" (for July), is, I can't help believing, a natural and proper one. I have always, to the utmost of my poor ability, opposed this miserable sectionalism in *Literature*. If a man of genius appears in *any* State of the Confederacy, for Heaven's sake, let us recognize him.

Having lost my own copy of the article, I wrote to the "*Mercury Office*" some time since, to beg the Proprietors to send me a brief

¹ *Avolio, a Legend of the Island of Cos.*

² LXIII. 357. It was written by Cornelius Conway Felton.

³ *Atlantic Monthly*, VI. 79.

critique I had written upon your analysis of the endowments of *Choate*. They have neglected my request. But I'll address them again, and trust they may put it in my power to mail you the imperfect editorial in question.

FIELDS, I hear, has returned. How does he look? and what report has he brought you of the old World? He did me the honour of writing to me a *most delightful letter*, recording his impressions of the "Isle of Wight," and of a couple of days spent with the Poet Tennyson!

Ah! happy those men who visit the *old world*, and mingle with its true and wise artists!! *Twice* I have myself been on the eve of sailing to *Europe*, and *twice* untoward circumstances have intervened to prevent me!

Do you ever meet Geo. Ed. Rice? If so, present my *kindest* remembrances. I beg to be remembered also to Mr. *Whipple*, and all *other friends* etc. Believe me always Truly Yours,

PAUL H. HAYNE.

AIKEN, So. CAROLINA, August 19th, 1860.

MY DEAR FRIEND; — If you knew how *much real pleasure* your letters gave me, I think you would write to me *oftener*. Yours of the 14th reached me yesterday, coming like a pleasant message of good will and friendship from a City, which ever since 1855 [1854], I would gladly have made my residence, had Fate permitted. For, I *love* Boston. Some of the happiest days of my existence were spent there.

As for Charleston, and So. Carolina *generally*, let me say to you, what I should *not* say to *almost any other*, that a more unfortunate home for an Artist, (whatever his degree!) could not be found in the broad circle of Christendom!

The people are intensely provincial, narrow-minded, and I must add — *ignorant*. *Literature*, they despise. *Poetry*, they look upon as the feeble pastime of minds too effeminate to seek manly employment! In *one* word, they are — but I hav'nt the patience to tell you *what* they are!

Only believe me! nothing but *hard*, HARD necessity could have kept me here for so many weary and disgusting years. One thing is *certain*. If the opportunity EVER presents itself, I shall take a final farewell of the South, and "pitch my tent" not far from "Bunker Hill."

I have lost my *Patriotism*, because it is impossible to maintain patriotism in Purgatory. Don't think me peevish and discontented.

It is hard for a man, who "has *never yet been sick a day*," to whom

the most brilliant society on the continent is open, who lives in a mental atmosphere, like that of Boston, in frequent intercourse with Emerson, Hawthorne, Whipple, Lowell, etc., etc., to comprehend the distress, the despondency, the utter heart-sickness of one whose home lies among influences *so* depressing, that the very glory of youth, the very heart's blood of ambition, are destroyed, and crushed out within him!

But, I must beg you to pardon this wild strain. The truth must break loose sometimes, or it would strangle us.

I rejoice to hear that *Fields* has returned, looking so "*hearty and English*." Hawthorne too, has come back to the congratulations of his friends. You may well term him "the greatest man in our Literature." If you would do for him what you have done for Rufus Choate, you would really confer a benefit upon the Public. And now, for the present, good bye. If I live, I will certainly accompany you next season, to the N. Hampshire Mountains; I can endure my life at the South no longer, without taking a brief intellectual holiday.

Best regards to *Mr. Whipple*, Rice, and all friends. Believe me,
Ever Faithfully,

PAUL H. HAYNE.

FROM HENRY W. BELLOWES.

NEW YORK, November 2, [18]59.

DEAR SIR: — I thank you for your scorching yet decorous notice of my worthy brother. I had privately written him that he purchased his right to abuse T. Parker's theology in his own congregation somewhat dearly, by first catering for the raging thirst for the blood of N. England's great deputations, which is the *delirium tremens* of Boston fanatics. They have got beyond ordinary drunkenness. To every truly great man's memory, they seem to say, "Fe, fo, fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman. Dead or alive, I must have some."

It is high time, these conscientious ghouls were treated according to their deserts. So practised in opprobrium are they, that few are willing to throw *stones* at them, lest they should return only *mud*; but it is the duty of wise men to make themselves targets of their filth rather than permit them to go unrebuked — for they are debauching the taste and conscience of the middle classes at a fearful rate.

With many thanks for your concise article, which seems admirable in argument and excellent in style, I am yours truly,

HENRY W. BELLOWES.

FROM C. R. BREWSTER.

CHARLESTON, 27 December, [18]59.

MY DEAR SIR, — Your favor of the 17th Inst. is received. . . . [with] your printed defence of Choate as a lawyer. Mr. Clarke¹ must feel rather small after the perusal of it. What does he know of Choate? These self-styled Clergymen, of his stamp, had better confine their reflections to texts which can be found in the Bible. Their biographical sketches of men outside of their own profession are of little value, still less their *political diatribes*, upon matters about which they are profoundly ignorant. Such ministers of religion as Mr. Clarke and political Demagogues on the subject of Slavery, etc., are, by their continual harangues, shaking the Union to its foundation.

I sincerely hope that such Union meetings as you have lately had in Boston, with such speeches as those of Everett and Cushing's may prove to be the beginning of a wholesome reaction.

The sympathy manifested for 'Old Brown,' has produced an intense excitement at the South, throughout the whole length and breadth of it. They have not had, until these manifestations took place, any idea of the extent of the fanatical bitterness which their Northern brethren have cherished towards them.

The only remedy is in the Ballot Box. Abolitionists and fanatics must *there* be put down, or there will be no hope for the continuance of the Union. . . .

C. R. BREWSTER.

FROM EPES SARGENT.

BOSTON, June 19th, [18]60.

DEAR SIR, — Don't think me intrusive if I thank you for your very admirable remarks on Mr. Choate. They place before me very vividly and truthfully the moral and mental features of a man I greatly loved and esteemed. They present his graceful and chivalrous traits with charming distinctness and force; and offer such an analysis of his success as a jury-lawyer as must strike every one who knew the man for its unexaggerated clearness and beauty.

I first became acquainted with Mr. C. some twenty years ago in Washington, where our intercourse was to me of a very delightful character. When I was getting up my "Standard Speaker" he put his whole library at my command; pointed out to me many of the gems of oratory which I have placed in the collection; and would never grudge me an hour or two of conversation in his office even

¹ James Freeman Clarke.

when clients were fretting for him in an adjoining room. It was a good illustration of the unselfish and unambitious character of the man, that though he gave me so much valuable assistance in selecting from the productions of others, I could get no aid from him in finding suitable extracts from his own speeches. The result was that only two brief specimens of his own eloquence occur in the volume. He would put me off with vague promises of finding something, but the convenient moment never came. I rejoice to see so truthful and eloquent and at the same time so calm and judicial an estimate of Mr. Choate, as you have given us. It presents us what I hope will be his *historic* features, as they will be seen in the annals of the American bar, a century hence. Truly Yours,

EPES SARGENT.

FROM AMOS TAPPAN AKERMAN.¹

ELBERTON, Elbert County, Georgia, August 18, 1860.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I have just finished your article on Mr. Choate in the *Atlantic*, and can no longer delay acknowledging your letter of February 23d with its welcome enclosures — all which I have read carefully, looking eagerly for the mental lineaments of my old schoolfellow, and sometimes persuading myself that I saw them, but obliged to confess to myself in the end that another character has supervened. The schoolboy was bold and energetic, not insensible to the beautiful, but loving more the strong, given to vigorous strokes, rather than delicate touches, exquisitely pleased with the latter but seldom attaining or aspiring to them. The mature writer has become critical, analytic, nicely discriminating, subtle, a skilful detector of shades of difference, and a master of language in which his delicate observations are well expressed. I can well understand how your studies and your society should have wrought this change. Perhaps it is a natural transition — the gradual polishing of the rough block. I recognize some of the old features in the article on Mr. Clarke's sermon. That "pig-headed sense of duty," which leads people into all manner of meanness, is one of the most unlovely features of New England character.

I wish I could return you some of my writings, but I do nothing in that way except occasionally a political article, intended for readers not very enlightened or very critical, and therefore rather coarsely framed. Indeed, for many years past I have not been able to cultivate common scholarship, still less elegant literature. My pursuits have been practical and engrossing. Those accomplish-

¹ (1819-), a graduate of Dartmouth College in 1842.

ments would not increase my power over the minds with which I come in contact, and there is no circle here in which they would be prized. To seek them as a private luxury alone would be an unpardonable piece of frivolity, when it would require a sacrifice of more substantial objects.

In politics I go for Mr. Bell — the only representative of the old Whig feeling now in the field. He will receive a respectable popular vote in Georgia, but at present it is unsafe to prophesy the vote of the State. Mr. Douglas will have a warm support here, but the greater number of Democratic leaders are for Mr. Breckinridge, and the relative strength of the two is not yet ascertained. Should Mr. Lincoln be elected, there will be a powerful disunion party. It will however be a minority in Georgia. Their effort will probably be to accomplish their object not by bringing the question to a popular vote, but by a collision in our seaports with the government officials, that will inflame the people to a red heat.

If slavery could be expelled from our politics, or make only as little figure there as twenty five years ago, many gloomy apprehensions would be removed. Should a crisis come, I shall abide the fortunes of Georgia. Having deliberately settled myself here, I feel bound to her fate. But there are those in the North whom I should hate to think of as out of my country.

I thank you for the writings which you have sent me. It was particularly gratifying to read something about Mr. Choate that was appreciative and sensible. His mind was singular. You seem to have hit the solution of the difficult problem how he could be so florid and yet really profound.

If I revisit the North, of course I will try to spend some time with you. My last visit, in 1858, was too hurried to allow me much pleasure of that sort. Meanwhile I shall be always glad to hear from you. Very truly yours,

AMOS T. AKERMAN.

Remarks were made during the meeting by Dr. F. C. SHATTUCK.

MEMOIR

OF

HENRY ERNEST WOODS.

By FRANCIS APTHORP FOSTER.

HENRY ERNEST WOODS, State Commissioner of Public Records, and a member of this Society since the 8th October, 1908, died suddenly of angina pectoris in the Hotel Weldon at Greenfield early in the morning of the 11th October, 1919, while on an official visit to that town.

He came of Groton stock on his father's side, and was the eldest son of Henry Thayer Woods, of Boston, and his wife Ellen Thayer. He was born at Boston in his grandfather Elijah Thayer's house, 181 Salem Street, the 5th July, 1857.

His childhood was spent in and around Boston, where at the age of six he first went to school, which he was forced by a severe illness to leave the following year. His subsequent attendance at the Chauncy Hall School (1865-76) was further interrupted by illness and journeyings in this country and abroad. A severe accident, which threatened the loss of his eyesight, prevented his entering Harvard College as of the Class of 1881.

In the winter of 1871-72 he made a voyage to Cuba, and from then until 1880 there was hardly a year in which he missed a journey in some direction. In 1873 he spent seven months travelling through Scotland, England, and a portion of the Continent, and in 1881 he went abroad again with the late Curtis Guild and other friends — school associates who had just graduated from Harvard — remaining for about two years and visiting Turkey, Asia Minor, and northern Africa. His summers, when he was at home, were spent at Kennebunkport, Maine, where he was actively interested in its social affairs.



Very Truly Yours,
Henry Ernest Wood

Mr. Woods was engaged in business for several years, and had expected to make this his regular occupation, but his natural tastes led him along far different paths. By instinct, literary work appealed to him strongly, and for a time in the eighties he was an occasional contributor of light verse to *Life*. Perhaps the best of his contributions was the following, which was thought worthy of one of Harry McVickar's drawings.

"Where ignorance is bliss
'T is folly to be wise." — *Gray*.

She was a winsome country lass,
So William, on a brief vacation
More pleasantly the time to pass,
 Essayed flirtation;
And as they strolled in twilight dim,
 While near the time for parting drew,
Asked if she 'd like to have from him
 A billet-doux.

Of French this simple maid knew naught,
 But, doubting not 't was something nice,
Upon its meaning quickly thought.
 Then in a trice
Upward she turned her pretty head;
 Her rosy lips together drew
For purpose plain, and coyly said,
 " Yes, Billy, do! "

ENVOY.

And William did!

With his membership in the New England Historic Genealogical Society in 1880 Mr. Woods may be said to have begun that line of work with which he became best identified.¹ An accurate and painstaking genealogist, a careful and conservative student of heraldry, maliciously called the science of fools with long memories, a constant user of the Genealogical Society's and other libraries, he was the natural successor of John

¹ Mr. Woods was also a member of the following societies: The Colonial Society of Massachusetts (a founder, 1892), American Antiquarian Society (1907), Bunker Hill Monument Association (director); a corresponding member of the Maine Historical Society, Western Reserve Historical Society, Old Northwest Genealogical Society; and an honorary member of the Phi Beta Kappa (Harvard Chapter).

Ward Dean as editor of the *Register* in 1901.¹ In 1902 he was chosen editor of the Massachusetts Vital Records, publication of which was about to be undertaken by the Genealogical Society, as a pioneer, under an act of legislature. By inclination and self-training he was admirably fitted for his editorial duties, and his work was marked by the utmost care and good judgment. From 1892 to 1901 he had assisted in editing the publications of The Colonial Society. In 1903 he received the honorary degree of Master of Arts from Bowdoin College, and four years later was appointed by Governor Guild State Commissioner of Public Records, an office that he held until his death. Though he was prevented by his official duties from frequent attendance at the meetings of this Society, none the less his pride in being a member was keen.

For many years Mr. Woods lived with his mother, who was a chronic invalid and a great sufferer, but for some time past had roomed in Newbury Street, Boston, not far from the Saint Botolph Club, which he made his headquarters. He was survived by two brothers, Herbert, and Arthur L. Woods, who was engaged in the wool business in Boston.²

The various phases of Mr. Woods' career are defined with a curious degree of abruptness. His travels ended with his return from the Near East in the early eighties; business was dropped for more congenial undertakings; his contributions of verse to *Life* came to an abrupt end after a short time, and he wrote no more verse because, as he said in explanation, he had written himself out; his genealogical work ceased, practically, with the publication of "The Woods Family of Groton" in 1910; dancing, which he had taken up as a form of exercise, and in which he became much interested and equally proficient, was given up definitely before the war was long under

¹ Apart from occasional reviews and reports, the following appear to be Mr. Woods' contributions to the *Register*: Pray of York and Kittery, Maine (1901); Some descendants of Digory Sargent of Boston and Worcester, Mass. (1904, reprinted); [Introduction and notes to the] Tayer (Thayer) Family entries in the parish register of Thornbury, Gloucestershire, England (1906, reprinted with the following item); Abstracts of wills relating to the Tayer (Thayer) family of Thornbury, Gloucestershire, England (1906); The family of Henry Curtis of Sudbury, Mass. (1907); Records of the original District of Carlisle, Mass. (1908); The Woods Family of Groton (1910, reprinted).

² Arthur L. Woods, while suffering from a nervous breakdown, committed suicide in a sanitarium at Arlington the 24th October, 1920.

way; and with the unexpected suddenness of his death his official duties were terminated with the same degree of finality that characterized the burning of each of his bridges behind him during his lifetime.

To one who knew "Harry" Woods intimately it is difficult to write of him without seeming to intrude upon the privacy of friendship. A certain outward reserve hid from the casual observer a real appreciation of what lay beneath the surface. Tactful and courteous in his intercourse with people, he was none the less wholly frank in the expression of his opinions, and firm beyond moving when the occasion demanded. It was impossible to avoid understanding exactly what he intended to convey. But, particularly for those for whom he cared, or who had done him any service, there was a warmth of feeling, and an absolute unselfishness of action, that made it a pleasure for him to give of his time freely to assist his friends in their undertakings, asking no better reward than the satisfaction of knowing that he had been of use to them.

His office in the old part of the State House was a veritable bureau of information. The "Public Records" on the door seemed to invite those invading the building for one purpose or another to enter and seek therein the information that they desired. They seldom departed without having it given to them, even at the expense of some trouble, or being told where to get it. Other officials, too, were in the habit of consulting Mr. Woods about a variety of matters that did not concern his work, and welcomed the clear statement of his views that they were sure to receive.

As a public servant Mr. Woods knew no politics in the performance of his duties. Though a Republican, and originally appointed by a Republican governor, he was entirely non-partisan in seeing that the requirements of the laws relating to the preservation and custody of the public records were carried out, and none of the friends that he made as an official were stronger, or voluntarily worked harder for him when there was seeming danger that a Democratic governor might fail to reappoint him, than those of the opposite political faith. His whole-hearted honesty and uprightness impressed all who came in contact with him, and his tactfulness in dealing with the many town and county officers whom he met on his visits

throughout the commonwealth brought about the pleasantest relations. At such times as it became necessary for him to take a firm stand, his fairness and impartiality were so patent that no sense of bitterness was left behind.

Mr. Woods' acquaintance was a large one, but in spite of it his life was of necessity rather a lonely one. Ill health, and a dislike of sports of any kind, precluded the enjoyment of much that is left open to those of more robust constitution and different tastes, while unselfish devotion to those of his immediate family needing his assistance further curtailed the scope of his activities. None but a few intimates knowing the full extent of his sacrifice could appreciate the quiet and uncomplaining dignity with which he bore his self-imposed burdens. To those closely associated with "Harry" Woods, who, perhaps few in number, were the recipients of the sincere and unselfishly loyal friendship of which he gave so freely, his going leaves only too keen a realization of what that friendship meant. Possibly no better summing up of his character can be given in a few words than those spoken by our fellow member, the Reverend Charles Edwards Park, in reporting his death to The Colonial Society at its annual meeting in 1919: "Henry Ernest Woods, State Commissioner of Public Records, who dignified his office by his own faithfulness and worth; whose life, both public and private, was an uphill battle. He had the reserve of suffering, the loneliness of bravery, the modesty of self-sacrifice; and his real value as a friend and a public servant is fully revealed only by his death."